

SPY

September 1993

U.K. DECAY!

A SPY GUIDE TO
• ROYALS • ROTTERS
• YOBS • HOOLIGANS

THE EDITOR HAS NO CLOTHES
TINA BROWN'S *NEW YORKER*—
A SPY PARODY

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ARM THE BOSNIANS TOO
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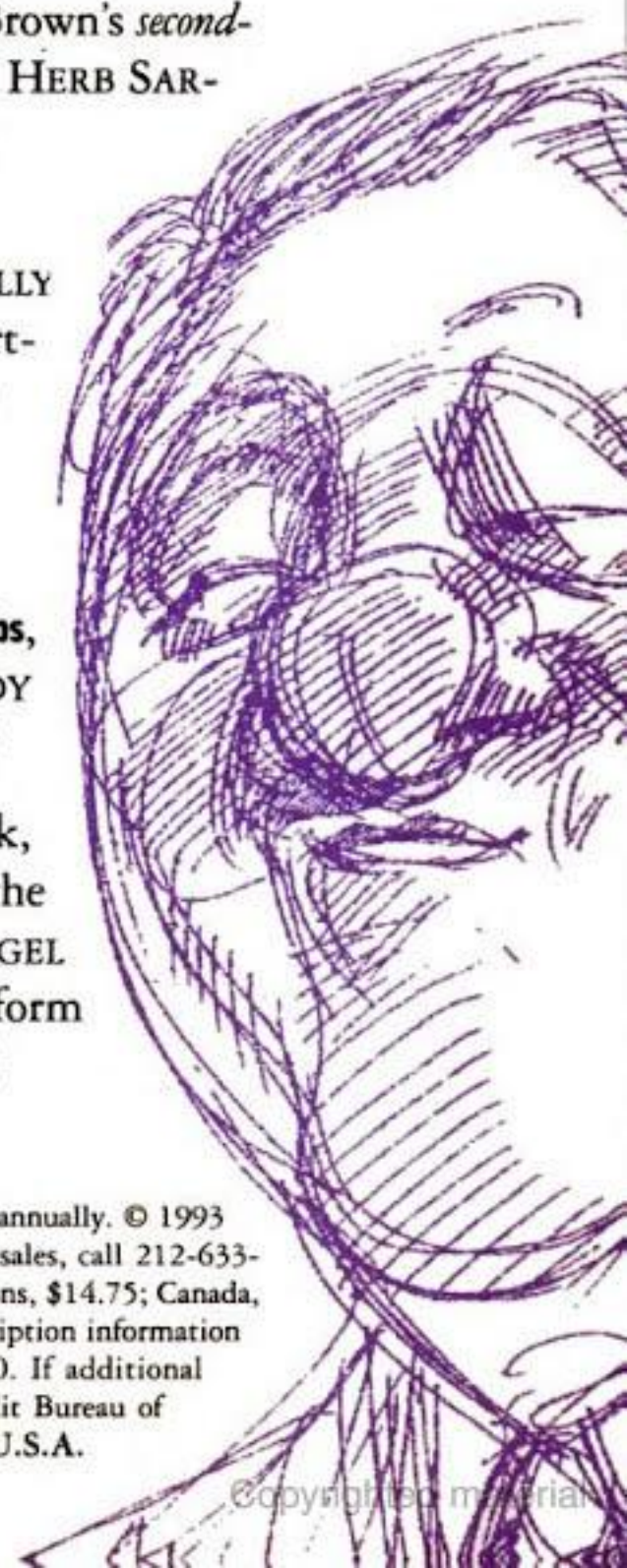
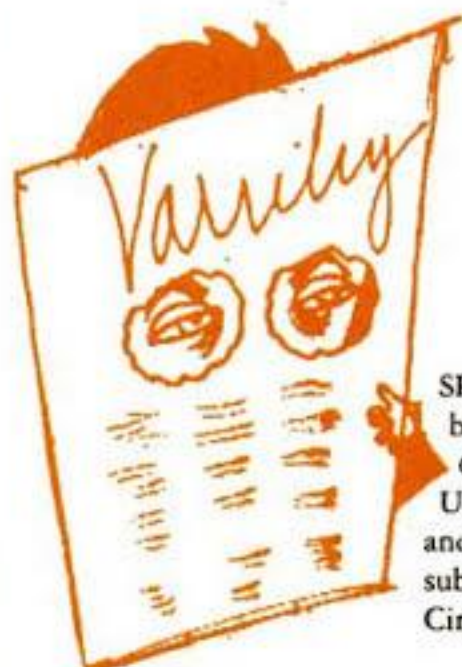
► They rob from the rich and give to the Bosnians. JOHN CONNOLLY investigates a New York ring of high-tech Albanian burglars who have been converting gems into guns 62

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► In our new, expanded back of the book, HENRY "Sweepy" ALFORD clowns around in *Circus Jerks*; David Gergen plugs the president in DREW FRIEDMAN's *Private Lives of Public Figures*; RICHARD STENGEL finds a home away from home in *Our Towns*; and ROY BLOUNT JR. returns to the form with *The Un-British Crossword Puzzle* 68

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"The British are not merely miserable, they are brilliant at it."
—London Sunday Times writer Jonathan Miller

It is easy to be cynical

"IT IS EASY TO BE CYNICAL ABOUT THIS," SAID HOWARD STRINGER, PRESIDENT OF THE CBS BROADCAST GROUP AND DEEP-COVER BRITISH AGENT, OF THE WIMPY NEW TV-VIOLENCE CODE. "YOU DON'T WANT TO

turn the vast wasteland into the dull wasteland." God, no. The responsible steward of a vast wasteland sows the sand with bullets, waters them with blood, makes the desert boom.

"I was met with the blank faces of studio types not interested in a 400-year-old script by a dead writer who was not available for rewrites," said Kenneth Branagh, to delighted chuckles, before screening his clunky, made-for-television version of *Much Ado About Nothing*. God, no!

version of *Much Ado About Nothing*. God, no!

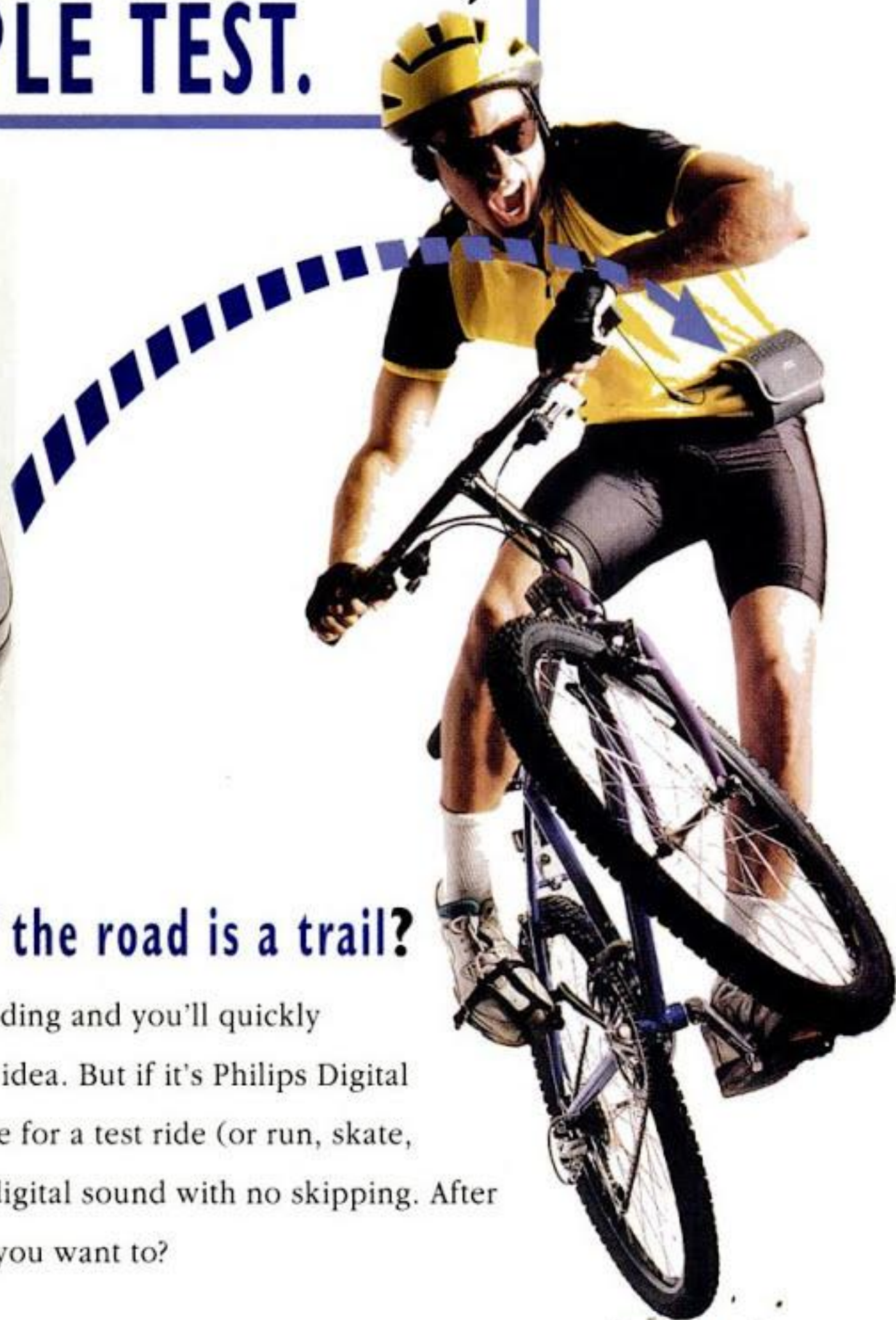
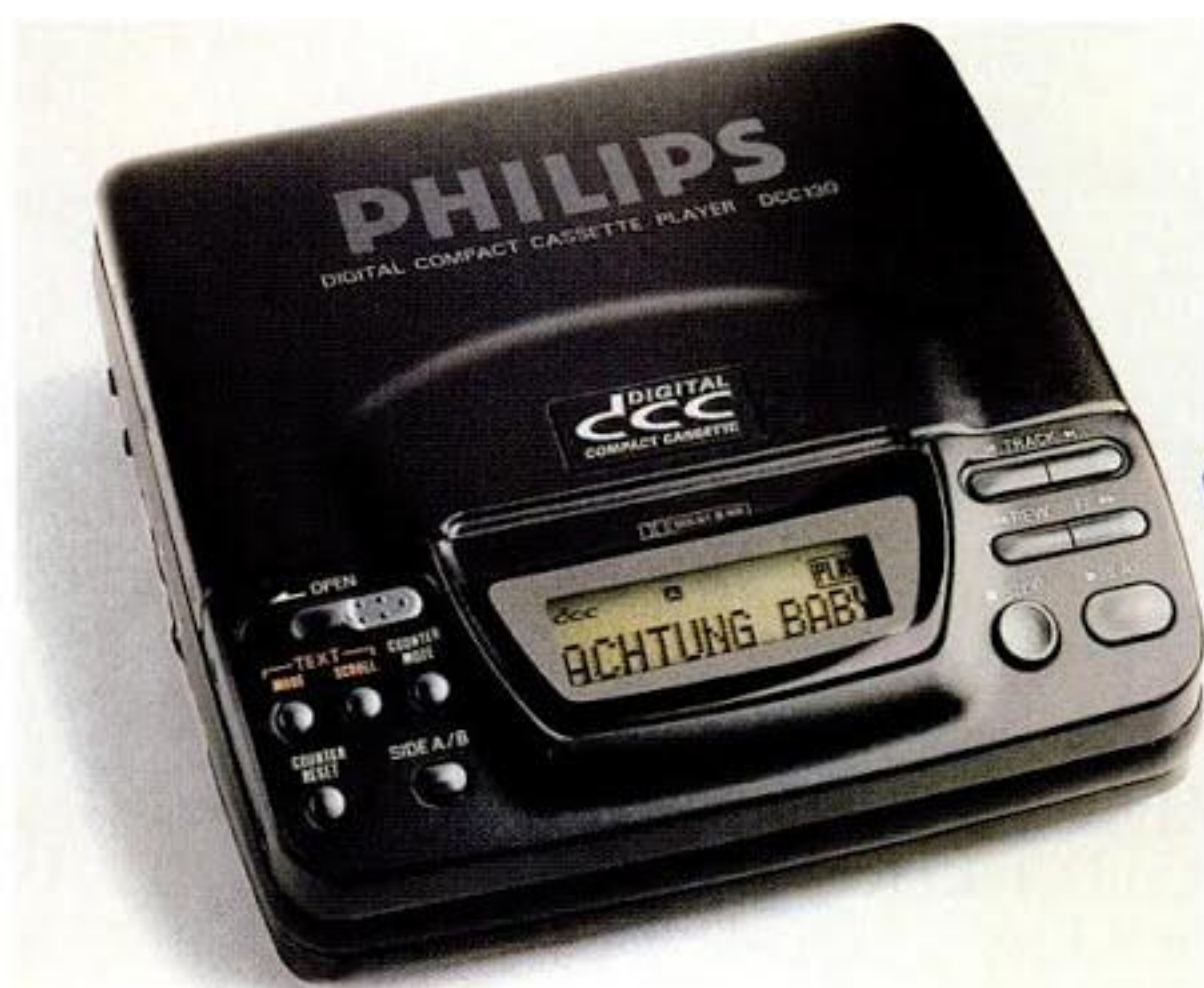
Studio types impervious to Shakespeare? What next? Big corporations make fat profits? The pope's really, really rich even though he claims to be a Christian and everything?

Wherever we look these days, the Briterati are in flower. *TV Guide*, *National Review*, two out of three New York tabloids. Good-time ghoul Anna Wintour still perches Velociraptorishly atop the fashion rock at *Vogue*, with frumpy Gabé Doppelt at *Mademoiselle* and dumpy Liz Tilberis at *Harper's Bazaar*. Body by Wintour, Doppelt or Tilberis tends to the consumptive waif, a look that makes us pine for the broad-shouldered days of Christie, Cindy, Linda—hell, even Cheryl. Not to suggest there's a connection between a fashion editor's physical appearance and the models she prefers. God, no. (It's so easy to be cynical about this.)

Are American minds in better hands? The ancient rain forests of American journalism swarm with brain drainers, and who's to say that they don't know what's best for the indigenous peoples? James Truman over at *Details* continues to exploit, with what seems to us like unbecoming obviousness, the ad-department notion of Generation X. Andrew Sullivan, on the other hand, down at *The New Republic*, seems to think Doug Coupland, a Canadian, knows what ails the American slacker. But perhaps that's his delicious British sense of irony.

Safe to say, in numbers disproportionate to their presence on the voter rolls, Brits have their fingers on the hot buttons of American

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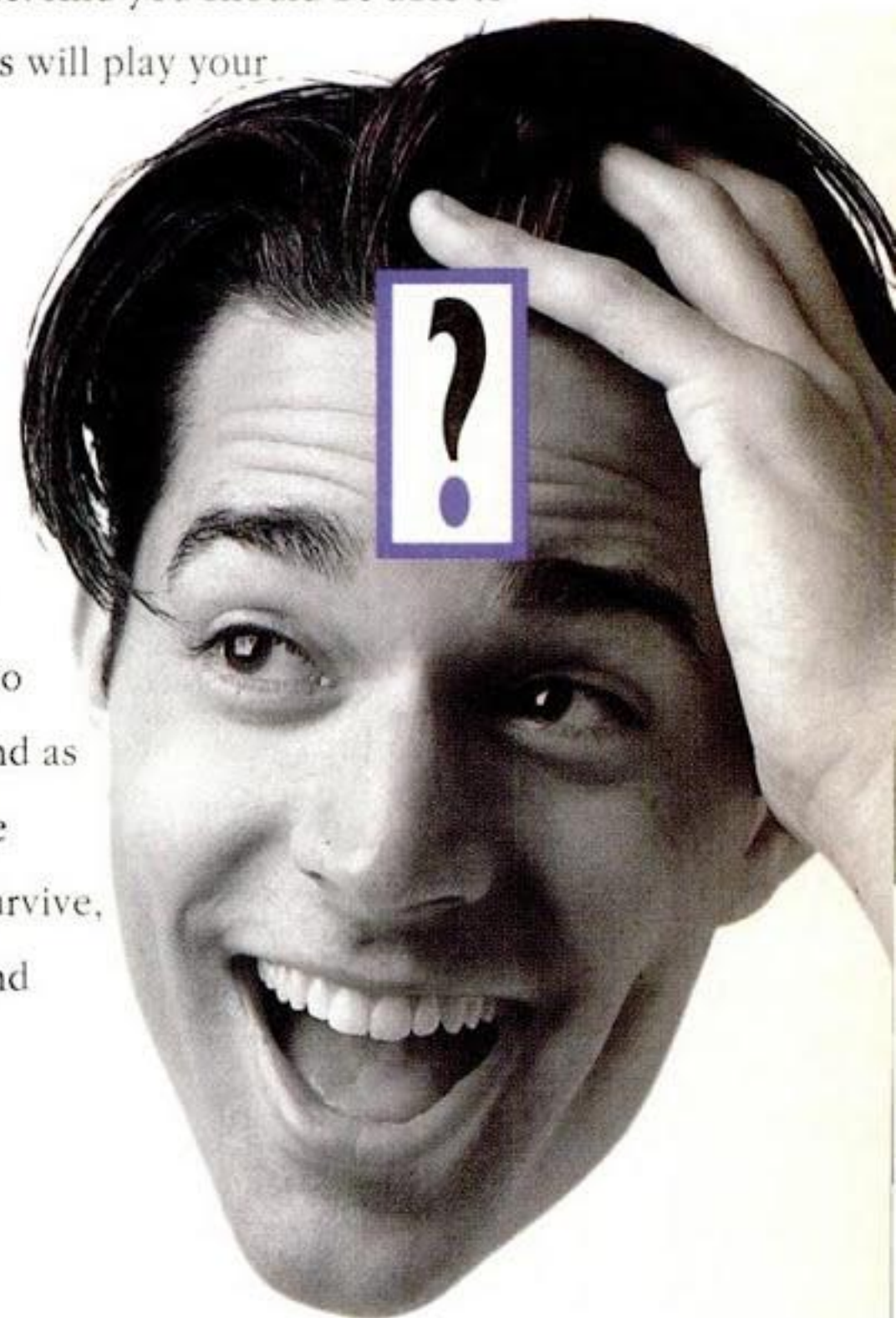


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Great Expectations

culture. In the meantime, alas, the teensy-weensy vast wasteland they left behind is sinking into an irreversible coma of dullness.

The House of Windsor, which enlivened the place for a while, has crashed and—quite literally—burned. There seems to be no further depth of sleaziness to which it can sink—unless Prince Charles's girlfriend, Camilla Parker-Bowles, turns up on Di's front-door step and shoots her in the head.

But other, more plebeian matters nigger at the U.K. The British amateur soccer team recently lost to the American amateur team. The agonies this defeat induced among English fans demonstrate the odd miasma of self-importance in which the British still live. To the best of our knowledge, British teams have lost to practically every country on the planet in recent years (accounting, no doubt, for the singular loathsomeness of the British soccer thug). But only losing to the most powerful nation on Earth counts.

It was very hot in Britain this summer, which always confuses them, much the same way rain confuses Californians. Their horrible, ill-designed and never-completed motorways began to crack up in the heat, while that symbol of Victorian might, Tower Bridge, refused to function. (Got stuck, dinnit?) Their money is increasingly worthless, as are their leaders; even optimistic Brits (a rare and endangered species at the best of times) admit that the country's in a Branston-colored pickle.

This malaise, however, has been a long time coming, caused by at least two decades' worth of political and cultural bad judgment. We know it's *awfully* easy to be *terrifically* cynical about this, but wouldn't *some* of that bad judgment show up on the collective résumé of our current guests? Why, pray, are the rats from this sinking ship the ideal crew for ours?

We've asked around town, only to

be met with the blank faces of media types uninterested in a 400-year-old question. The question, of course, is, What is That Special Relationship? And TSR is in turn inseparable from an issue that hovers just below the surface of Clinton's agenda, as it hovered brazenly over Reagan's: the question of class.

That Brits bring class to an enterprise is an idea that should have been exploded long ago, together with the myth that they have good manners. When a Brit is imported to take over an American enterprise, it invariably takes a downward turn in tone. It becomes tackier, cheaper, more vulgar.

The dynamic, in fact, is the diametric opposite of conventional wisdom. It is American enterprises that have the strength, the knowhow, the traditions—in the best sense of the word, class. It is the Brits who are the interlopers, the vulgarians, the Goths at the gate.

What the English do know how to do is pander. As New York *Daily News* editor Martin Dunn puts it, "Presentation is the key to success—printing the news in palatable form." Dunn, who cut his teeth editing the London *Sun*, means by this something along the lines of QUEEN'S KNICKERS IN TWIST OVER FERGIE TOE-SUCK (though that's a trifle cerebral for the *Sun*).

The British flair for exploitation comes from an unshakable belief, despite all evidence to the contrary, in the supremacy of their culture. There's no American alive as Anglophilic as your average Brit. (This is true even of those who are disgusted by the current British political scene.) Brit Anglophilia goes hand in hand with a profound contempt for all other cultures, in particular that of the U.S. Hence their success. Nothing makes exploitation easier than loathing what you're exploiting.

Brits like to compare The Special Relationship to that of the Greeks in the Roman Empire. Stylish thinkers, uncouth patrons, that sort of thing. Actually it's more like that balding, boorish, freeloading uncle who comes for a weekend and stays six months, who sits on the porch weekends, drinking your whiskey and offering free advice while you mow the lawn.

Whatever mysteries royalists may spin in the name of blood, the fact is that the basis of class is money and the Brits don't have any. For an upper class to be worth fawning on, it's got to have a semblance of power. There's no such thing in Britain anymore.

Surprise, surprise. They've found one. It's us. The current clustering of Brits is not an infusion of class into an uncouth society; it's a clear indication that, like it or not, America has a class system.

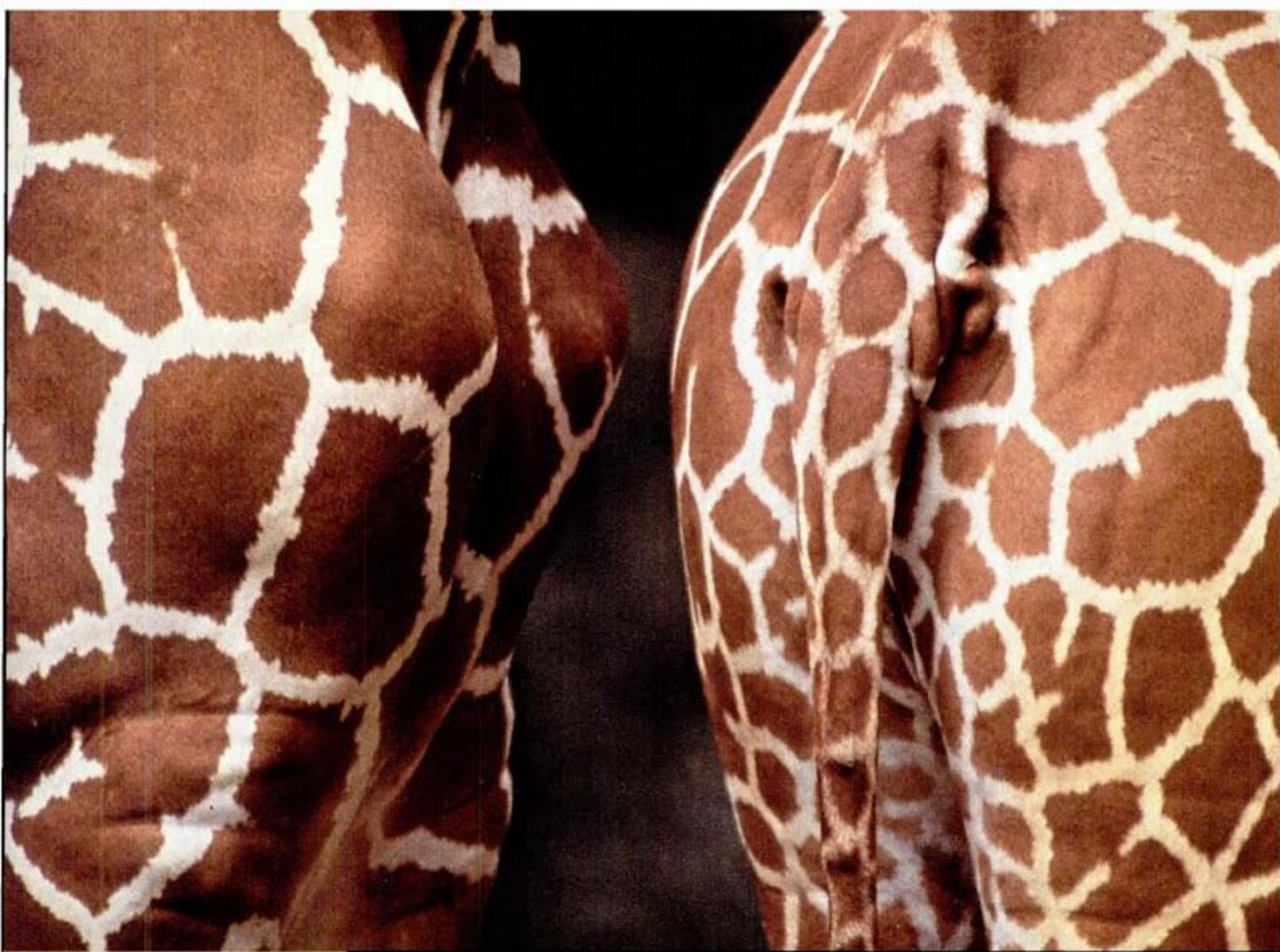
But—marvelous from their point of view—America, while craving class, won't *admit* it has a



class system. So here comes the latest Briterato, hot off the plane, trailing fag smoke and sucking on a pint of duty-free vodka, plunged in the midst of a people just as sophisticated, articulate and well appointed as his own but infinitely more diverse and inventive, with an older and firmer commitment to democracy; a written Constitution instead of the worthless "gentlemen's agreement" he has been screwed by since he was born; unique and vigorous traditions of art, literature, music, dance and architecture; a national style and character all its own; global reach, relevance and power beyond the ken of even his loftiest ancestor; and, just for good measure, more money, old and new, than his little island home could conceive of....

And they're *scared* of him.

You can see how easily the lad might get cynical about this. ☺



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Sketch

Foley's

Robinsons ♦ May

Hecht's

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From the SPY Mailroom



"Dear Sir: I want to request your catalogs, for this aim I wish to have a model of Jewelerama. What should I do? Guide me, please," writes Tehran's Ahmad Bina, presumably not a subscriber. We don't know what exactly Jewelerama is, Mr. Bina, but it doesn't sound like the Ayatollah would have approved.

Elsewhere on the world stage, current efforts to rectify the Macedonian situation are failing, and the region is on the brink of disaster. That's not our opinion—we're quoting from a lengthy letter on the subject from Andrew Sterroff of Honolulu. Andrew's treatise, despite a few unfortunate misspellings (we think he means *Slavs*, not *Slaves*), isn't really as off-the-wall as some of the other geopolitical manifestos we see around here. On the other hand, it has nothing to do with anything we've ever written about in SPY. That's why, after the Sterroff and Bina letters, we were relieved to see that the letter from David Echt of Los Angeles announced up front that it concerned "USA Tomorrow" (by Daniel Radosh and Timothy Long, April). Not unpredictably, though, the rest of the letter didn't mention that article at all, though it did touch on the general theme of secession with the pronouncement that the wrong side won the Civil War. (To be fair, Mr. Echt said he reached this conclusion based on theories of states' rights and not out of support for slavery. Hey—we didn't even know Macedonia was involved in the Civil War.)

Bob Kottman of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, has a suggestion for SPY's occasional column "Sing, Muse" (February and June 1992), in which we note too-close similarities between literary works. His letter says, ▶

Big Mistake

I've not been reading your magazine for very long, and up until now have been enjoying it. You slam a few people, but, hey, I've got a sense of humor. Then I received the June 1993 issue and, quite by accident, read the ending to the movie *Last Action Hero* in "The Hot Summer Movie Thing." At first I thought it was a joke, so I turned the page and read the ending to *Sleepless in Seattle*.

To be frank, I am pissed off. I happen to be a Schwarzenegger fan (much to your dismay, I'm sure). You haven't prevented me from blowing \$7.50; I'll still see *Last Action Hero*, but I'll know the "predictable ending." I guess the days are gone when journalists had style and integrity and could poke jabs at celebrities without giving something away. Supposing my letter gets printed, I'll be expecting a snotty retort. Not that you care, but I'll not be renewing my subscription.

Yvonne Stewart
Dallas, Texas

On the contrary, we do care.

Woody, Woody Everywhere

Loved the Woody and Mia pic-o-rama in Spanish ["*El amor muy loco*," by Jamie Malanowski and Larry Doyle, June]! An *estroke* of genius. This letter, however, is in reference to your Naked City piece on phallopneumisms ["Manroot Envy?," by Leah Rozen, June]. Recently I was tormenting a friend by reading aloud the sex scenes from her trashy beach book, *Patience of a Saint*, by Father Andrew Greeley, and I came across the most peculiar euphemism for female genitalia I've ever seen:

"Eileen's soft green-eyed electrical swamp." How many eyes would a swamp have? Could a woman have a coarse, red-eyed, manual swamp? Father Greeley might have a look at a vagina sometime, at least for research purposes.

Soo Christiansen
Brooklyn, New York

Is SPY guilty of plagiarism? Consider the evidence:

(1) Months before your May issue, Rush Limbaugh started an episode of his TV show with a doctored photo of "Pinocchio" Clinton.

(2) In the May cover story, "Good News, Bad News" [by Larry Doyle], you showed Clinton's face morphing into that of both JFK and Jimmy Carter. A month earlier Limbaugh broadcast a videotape submitted by a viewer that used computer animation to show Stalin's face evolving into Clinton's. Apparently some of the people in your art department are closet Limbaugh fans.

(3) May's Great Expectations begins, "In this merry month of Maydays, as we walk down the street, constantly pirouetting and spinning around lest we be taken by surprise..." From Woody Allen's essay "A Look at Organized Crime," in his book *Getting Even*: "Larry Doyle [was] a racketeer so suspicious that he refused to let anybody in New York ever get behind him, and walked down the street constantly pirouetting and spinning around."

SPY makes its living by exposing celebrities' foibles, but people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

Christopher Kirk
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts

(1) See last month's Letters to SPY. (2) If we had seen Limbaugh, we would have done the Stalin gag; it's much funnier.



**YOU WOULD BE PERFECTLY
HAPPY WITHOUT THESE JEANS.**

"Editor: '...I love the smell of gasoline...'—from *Pink Flamingos*. 'I love the smell of napalm...'—from *Apocalypse Now*." Come to think of it, that's *all* his letter says. We *hope* it's a suggestion for "Sing, Muse."

Susan Kaufmann of Westfield, New Jersey, writes, "Imagine my shock and surprise when I discovered, while reading *The New York Times*... What? A column about Anna Quindlen's children? Drag queens in the Styles section? One of the Roiphes on the Op-Ed page? No, it's just SPY contributor Lazlo Toth (The Lazlo Letters) discussing orphaned Hungarian babies in a "Szeged Journal." We're not exactly sure why Toth is passing himself off as a Hungarian town clerk, but as long as he gets his column in each month, the rest is his business. Don't ask, don't tell, that's our motto. Of course, it would be nice if the *Times* didn't spell Toth's first name "Laszlo," but as we've said, we're resigned to a few spelling errors.

Whenever we speculate about who actually reads this column, we remind ourselves that there are plenty of people out there who will read anything put in front of them. Carefully. Evidently out of cereal boxes, Pascale Krumm of Lexington, Kentucky, recently read all the fine print in her boyfriend's new passport. In a letter to the State Department that Ms. Krumm cc'd to us, her boyfriend wrote, "It does not look good at all (to put it mildly) to have such stupid mistakes on an official document, and one that I will be stuck with for ten years." Well put! We're sure the State Department will never again dare to distribute a passport that refers to "service in thge armed forces" on page 4, paragraph 2, subsection 3, and we're glad this matter was brought to our attention.

Lucky for Bill Clinton he never had occasion to write a semipersonal note to Pascale Krumm. She would have been furious if she'd received the 1988 letter from the governor ▶

(3) *Executive editor Larry Doyle seems to believe everything Woody Allen or anyone else writes about him. And so do we.*

Other Voices, Other Letters

I'm a career sailor attached to a nuclear-powered Fast Attack Submarine. The picture of Dewi Sukarno in her "jail cell" in Big Pictures [May] really, really pissed me off. That bitch! She's living like a princess in a room with a view and her hoity-toity mail on the wall and stuffed animals and flowers, and I go to sea for months on end and get no mail and no sunshine through a window with a mountain view! I sleep in a space that's 6.5 feet long by 22 inches wide by 2.8 feet high, and I've never committed a crime! A criminal-justice system that incarcerates someone like Sukarno in a hotel is just about as fucked up as she is.

Patrick A. LeBlanc
Torpedo Division Leading Petty
Officer
U.S.S. Springfield

I really enjoyed your look at Rush Limbaugh [Live White Male, by Roy Blount Jr., May]. Limbaugh's radio talk show at the beginning of his career was in Missouri, not far from Harry Truman's hometown (I imagine there is some irony in this). I've been told that in the early days he attacked people on both the right and the left. It's only since he hit the big time that he has settled in as the pit bull of the reactionary right.

Here in the Midwest we are a little surprised by all the attention people on the East Coast give to Rush. Of course, we have loud-mouthed fatheads on every street corner. We've found that the easiest way to get rid of an obnoxious airbag like Rush is to elect him to Congress. (We don't keep reelecting Bob Dole because we like him—we just like the idea of his spending all his free time in Washington.)

E. W. Lee
Pittsburg, Kansas

Dwight Yoakam [Party Poop, June] may fancy himself a "Confederate," but he should not have been so described in your caption. Not while wearing the cap insignia of the (Union) U.S. Cavalry, which brought so much grief to Confederate forces during the unpleasantness that raged hereabouts from 1861 to 1865.

Clearly, SPY's military history/military insignia editor has fallen down on the job.

I have served in the U.S. Cavalry units (Vietnam, 1968–69), clad not in Rebel gray or Yankee blue but in olive green. Mr. Yoakam appears to exceed the weight standards for cavalrymen. I suspect he could not pass the current Army physical-fitness test for males his age. Until he shapes up, Dwight Yoakam should be prohibited from wearing cavalry or any other authentic U.S. military insignia.

Robert Fairchild
Hampton, Virginia

Both the *Smithsonian* and the U.S. Army tell us you're wrong about the hat. Also, Yoakam has a 28-inch waist. We read that in *People*.

In respect to Daniel Radosh and Tim Long's story "USA Tomorrow: Yikes! Are We the Next Bosnia-Herzegovina?" [April], I think the Japanese have already concluded that the fragmenting of the United States is a foregone conclusion. The alien-registration card I received in February lists my citizenship as "Illinois." I don't know how they arrived at their conclusion, but Nostradamus is very popular here currently.

The photo spread of Henry Kissinger [Big Pictures, April] was hilarious.

Daniel Fath
Tokyo, Japan

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of Arkansas that Joe Culligan of Miami, Florida, did. In that letter, which Joe faxed to us, Clinton informed him that he'd asked the police "to review your request." The letter is signed, "Sincerely, Bill Clinton." Fortunately, Clinton has since promised that two letters will be cut for every extra one used.

"Psychiatry pose a threat to the free world of thought and imation." Spelling errors aside, this is why we generally refrain from printing readers' poetry. The preceding is not from a poem by Darwin Timo of Proctor, Minnesota, but is the *entire* poem—one of 15 he has sent us. Others include "By being part of the problem you become part of the solution, if your honest" and "Warning warning real world approaching." Not, if you ask us, fast enough.

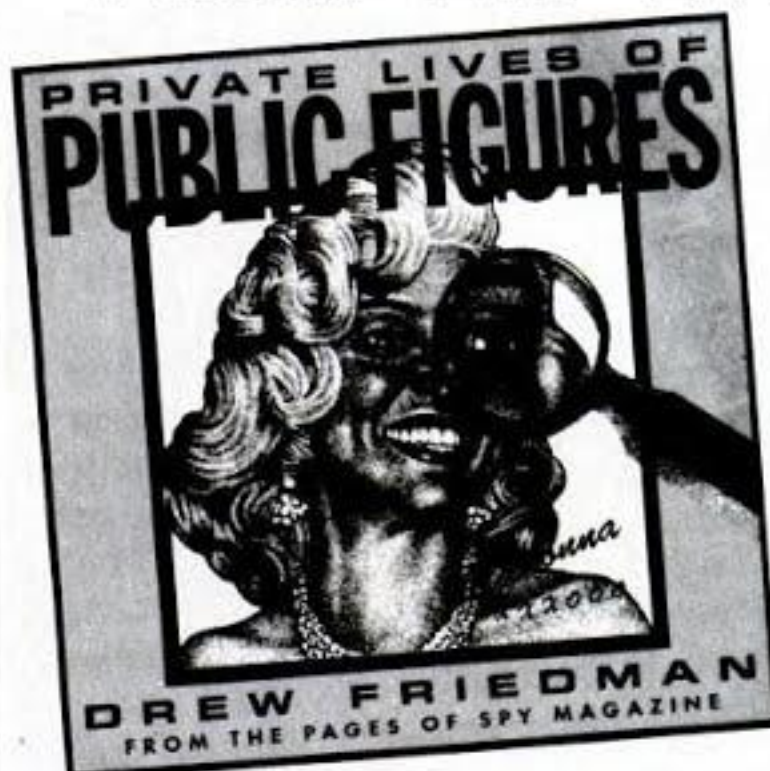
Poetry, even attempted poetry, inevitably brings to mind Napoleon St. Cyr. Dee Watt, a neighbor of our longtime friend from Stratford, Connecticut, sends us this article from the *Connecticut Post*: "A 69-year-old man was arrested Wednesday for allegedly stealing his 11-year-old neighbor's basketball.... [Napoleon] St. Cyr, who was in his yard when the ball bounced onto his property, told the Gills no one could enter his yard to retrieve the ball. Then he took it into his house.... St. Cyr claims the Gills have been using part of St. Cyr's property for their basketball court for more than five years...." The charges have since been dropped, but even the appearance of moral failing on the part of one of our spiritual leaders is more than we can bear. Guide us, please. ☽

CORRECTION

Due to an editing error, in last month's "Man of Dishonor" Joe Hyams, the author of nonfiction and fiction best-sellers including *Bogie* and *The Flight of the Avenger*, was misidentified as the Joe Hyams who is vice president of publicity at Warner Bros. *spy* regrets the error and stands by all the other reporting in the story. ☽

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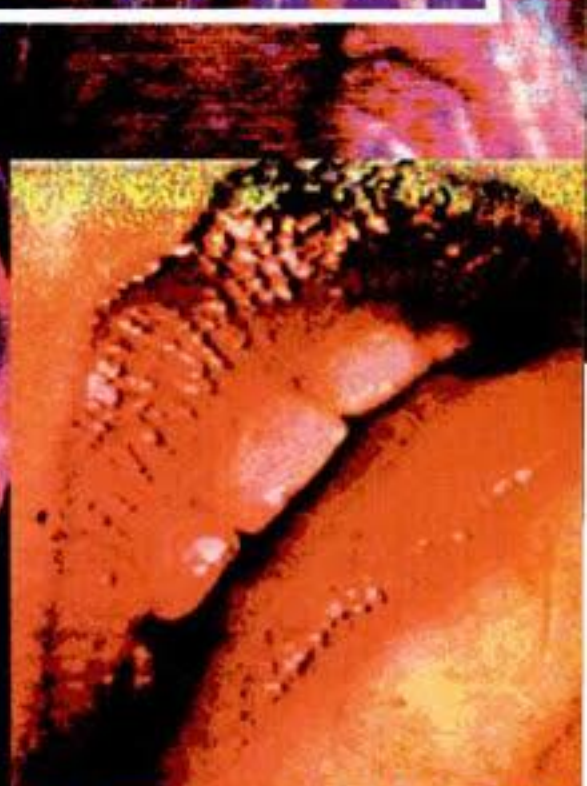
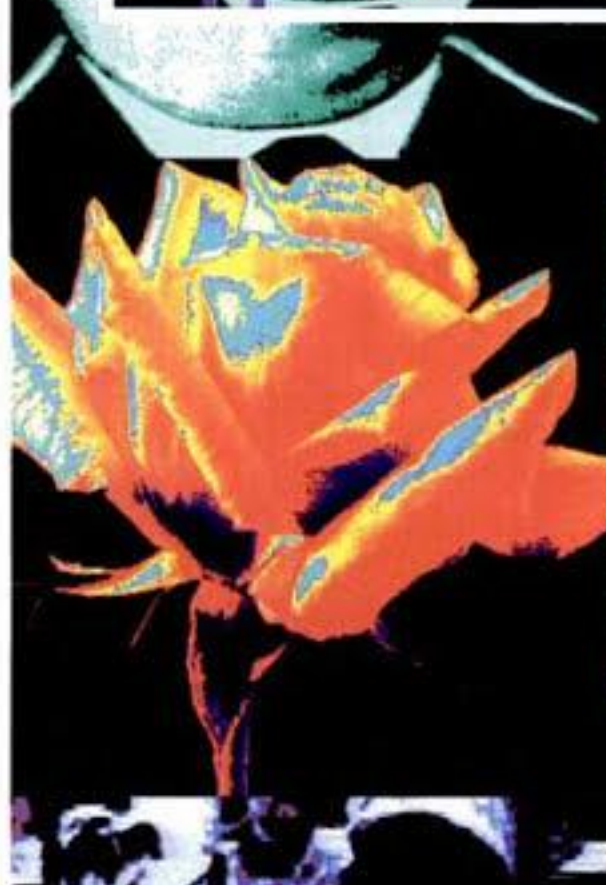
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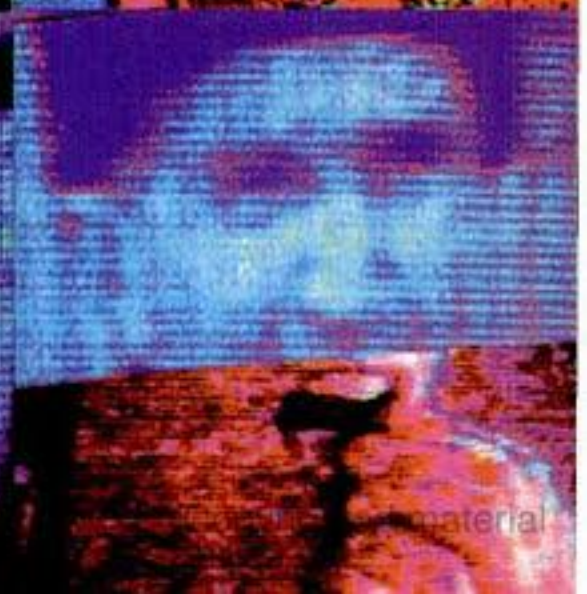
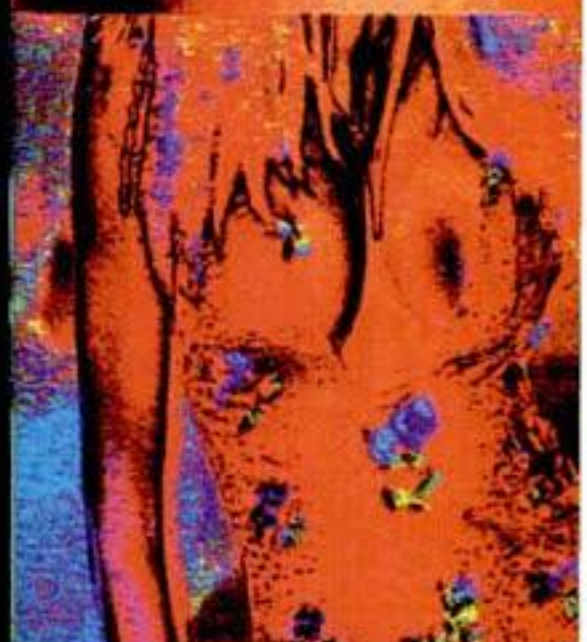
ZOOROPA:

The new album from U2.
Ten songs recorded March through
May of this year in Dublin.

Produced by Flood, Brian Eno
and The Edge.



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Below the Beltway

It's a cliché of self-appointed populist media watchdogs that journalists are only interested in scandal, that they'll print any rumor or innuendo, with minimal regard to accuracy, if it hints of sex and guarantees them a front-page headline. In D.C., journalists have been working overtime to prove that the cliché is only half true.

Since Bill Clinton took office, not one reputable journalist has written anything about Bill's or Hillary's sex life, intramarital or otherwise—at least at press time. This doesn't, however, mean that the corps isn't interested in the subject. Indeed, it would be hard to find a single journalist here who hasn't, after a good meal and a few drinks, gotten intimate, Beltway-style, trading salacious and unprintable rumors about the topic Clinton hoped he'd put to bed with his campaign confessional on *60 Minutes*.

"Hear about 1800 Pennsylvania Avenue?" one eminent national journalist asked during off-hours recently, eyes glistening. "It's Bill's safe house. It's an apartment complex, and our president visits it often for, uh...." Across the table, another journalist chimed in. "Yeah, I heard the same thing, only it was a condo in Georgetown. On M Street or something. A hideout." "Well, that's why they reopened the tunnel between Treasury and the White House," the first journalist returned, quite earnestly. Delighted snickers were shared all around at the picture of the president in a subterranean tryst with—according to another oft-told tale—that bimbo he placed in a job at the DNC. At times like these, you can almost hear the salivary glands of those for whom such rumors are news as they store them away for future dinner parties.

Almost certainly there are some reporters who believe these tales, though there is apparently no evidence that they or any others repeated in this column are true. But even the most obviously ridiculous are still passed around with delight. Take the "real" story behind the delay of Air

Force One at LAX. *It wasn't a haircut the president was getting, if you catch my drift.* In some versions of this story, no less than Sharon Stone plays nouveau Monroe to Clinton's neo-Kennedy.

When conversation turns to Hillary, the comparisons run more toward Eleanor Roosevelt. Catching on early to the enigma lying behind the endless make-overs, the mostly male press corps has eagerly embraced the idea that the most powerful woman in the world must be a lesbian. Hillary, they say, was supposedly having an affair with the sister of a close friend.

And then there's the one about the affair she had with a Little Rock woman whose husband named Hillary in his divorce suit back in the 1970s. This last rumor has failed to die even though it has what should be a fatal flaw: It could be checked out. Drove

of reporters riffling through the court documents of Pulaski County, Arkansas, never came up with any record of the suit.

One thing that helps keep rumors alive is other rumors to complement them. If these rumors are true, then why haven't they been published, you ask? Well, hadn't you heard? *Newsweek* supposedly unearthed enough material on Hillary's Gennifer Flowers-era dalliance with a—ho hum—heterosexual white male that they could have run it before the election. They chose not to, but right now, as we speak, Bob Woodward is said to be working on the definitive *All the President's Blonds* story. *Newsweek* and Woodward, need-

less to say, deny these reports.

The question of what Bill and his wife get up to after lights-out has been around since even before the Gennifer caper. Even when Clinton was better known for his endurance at the podium, political pundits were whispering about his wild womanizing and the illegitimate



Bill and Hillary

"Hear about 1800 Pennsylvania Avenue?" one eminent journalist asked. "It's Bill's safe house."

babies from coast to coast. Conventional—but unprinted—wisdom had it that his "zipper problem" was sure to do him in. During the campaign, the combination of the drubbing that journalists got for spotlighting Flowers and the fervent wish

of most of them to see Bush deposed kept the rumors fairly quiet. Once Clinton had survived the worst—an actual other woman who not only talked but talked specifics—the threshold for publishable dirt went back up to a respectable level. But for precisely that reason, the president's sex life remains the number one not-for-public-consumption story in Washington.

One night just before the election, when Clinton's win was suddenly a foregone conclusion, a small group of reporters from some of the nation's agenda-setting news organizations was sitting around the Capital Hotel bar in Little Rock, discussing the candidate. The conversation soon turned to his sexual escapades, and it stayed there the rest of the night. They speculated about whom he might someday have an affair with, or whom he might already be having an affair with, and where he was carrying it out. And finally, a game: *If, one postulated, we find out he is having an affair once he's in the White House, do we print it, and when?* Answers ranged from never to six months to two years to maybe in a book, but there was no doubt among those assembled that the new president would be "doing it" soon inside the White House.

The reporters' take on Clinton's proclivities remains violently at odds with what Clinton staff members believe. When rumors are broached with higher-ups, they simply sigh, *We know they're talking, but we just don't care.* With lower-level wonks, the response is the far more earnest *The boss is way too focused to be messing around. He just doesn't have time for that.* And most young Clintonites, lacking the cynicism that longer government experience will probably confer, won't even engage in the half-joking speculation the nasty press corps finds such a hoot. One who did offered this prediction: "I can tell you that he will not do anything inside this country. He's too cautious. But I won't say that in a couple years, on a trip to China or something, nothing's ever going to happen." —Ann Mitchell



If you want to celebrate Jack Daniel's birthday with us this month, how about a sip of his Tennessee Whiskey?

THOUGH JACK DANIEL'S BIRTHDAY is celebrated in September, the exact day and year remain a mystery.

His statue at our distillery reads that he was born in 1850. Yet other sources state it was September of 1846. And as to which day, that may never be known. Still, all the confusion has never stopped anyone from celebrating Mr. Jack's birthday. The way we look at it, there's any one of 30 days to choose from.

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SEPTEMBER 1993 SPY 17

Damon Wayans's Older Brother

It's a sunny new season at *In Living Color*, the show's first since balding progenitor Keenen Ivory Wayans left in a squabble over syndication privileges with Twentieth Television last winter, and so far the absence of Keenen just doesn't seem to be a problem. "It's basically the same show," reports cheerful co-executive producer Greg Fields. "We just try to get out a little earlier at night." Keenen may be getting out a little earlier at night as well, since he doesn't seem to have much else to do—which may or may not be the reason CAA is acting so defensive about its new client.

"No comment," snapped a CAA spokeswoman asked about Keenen's plans for the future.

It's enough to make anyone nervous, your own agent refusing to discuss you in public, but Keenen will probably like that just fine. This is the same Keenen, after all, who forbade his *In Living Color* writers to mention the KKK in sketches for fear of reprisal, and who expressed the belief that *Saturday Night Live* producer Jim Downey had tapped his phone and was stealing his ideas. This is also the Keenen who is convinced he is being watched by the CIA. An ex-employee still has in his possession a note from the CIA to Keenen assuring him that they aren't keeping a file on him. "The beauty of this to me," says the ex-employee, "is that it's not the FBI....He knows that the CIA is keeping tabs on him, because he's a bigger phenomenon than just America."

In the days when Keenen did standup on the *Carson Tonight Show*, he had a routine, which became a sketch in the first season of *In Living Color*, about a conspiracy at a McDonald's-like fast-food restaurant to keep blacks from being promoted (the actually decent affirmative-action record of McDonald's notwithstanding). Keenen himself had worked at McDonald's, and as the sketch was developed at *In Living Color* it became eerily apparent that he actually thought he was onto something.

"The answer is yes," says a longtime Keenen-watcher. "Is he paranoid? Yes."

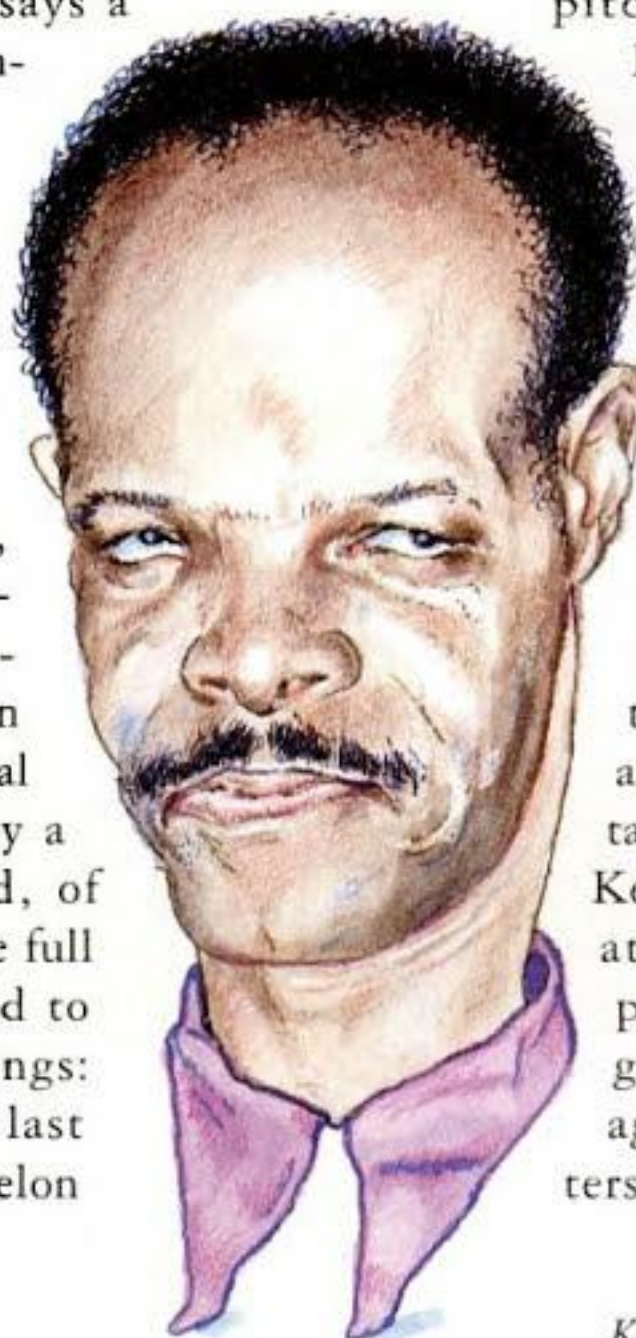
In the library of Keenen paranoias, the McDonald's conspiracy presents problems of cataloging—whether to log it under Paranoias, General or in, say, Paranoias, Food, which includes the time Keenen refused to eat his oatmeal because it was made by a man. Paranoias, Food, of course, would already be full of the tips Keenen used to share at writers' meetings: Vegetables make you last longer in bed; Watermelon discourages hair loss; Certain foods can make your penis bigger; Vinegar makes lettuce rot in your stomach like garbage. And on a related note, there was the time Keenen came in mystified over the concept of monogamy. *I just don't see how you do it*, he said, shaking his head. *Because for me, as soon as I see a woman sitting down, taking a shit, I just can't be with her no more. That's it. That's it for me.*

Unfortunately, not all writers' meetings were that entertaining. A more typical one went something like this: It's lunchtime, and 15 writers sit around a table, waiting for Keenen. The dewier writers are busy polishing new shit and fag jokes—Keenen's favorites. Those who've been there longer know that Keenen is in a bad mood today and will reject all jokes and sketches pitched in the meeting.

Keenen shows up two hours late, accompanied by smaller Wayanses Damon, Kim and Shawn and by Wayans-in-training Paul Mooney. Keenen and entourage sit down at one end of the table and order lunch for themselves. The writers at the other end of the table start pitching, and Keenen and Shawn stare at their notepads and practice their autographs, over and over again. An assistant enters, bearing lunch. Ke-

enen's is unsatisfactory, and the assistant is fired. Keenen is in a bad mood today and rejects all jokes and sketches pitched in the meeting. He tells the writers to

work on a sketch that somebody pitched last week but that he isn't satisfied with. Some minutes later a new assistant knocks on the door and asks if she should order lunch for the writers; Keenen tells her no. No writer gets to eat until Keenen says



Keenen

"Sometimes still in my nightmares I hear him saying, 'Now, *that's* funny,'" one former writer says

the sketch is finished. "Sometimes still in my nightmares I hear him saying, 'Now *that's* funny,'" one former writer says. Another adds, "I've never worked for a more incompetent, evil organization."

Keenen's assistants tend to blur, in the memories of ex-employees, into a trail of nameless and embittered female refugees. "There was a nonstop stream of assistants," says a former staff member. "People fired constantly. Just constantly." "There were three assistants fired in one day," says someone else who worked on the show. "That morning there was someone and at lunch there was someone else and in the evening there was a third person."

"The reason I don't want to say anything about Keenen," says one ex-assistant carefully, "is that everything I have to say is not nice." On further questioning it becomes apparent that it is not so much not-niceness she is anxious to avoid as Keenen himself, the thought of whom still terrifies her more than a

year after she left the show. She is worried—quite irrationally, since the population of ex-Keenen assistants is too large to yield to anything but statistical analysis—that something she says will be traced to her, and, well, she really has to go now. "Keenen," she explains, "is a very difficult man to work with."

Why her? we wonder as we replace the receiver, feeling strangely moved. Was she the one fired when Keenen's lunch arrived one waffle short? The one who picked up lumber for the set before attending to Keenen's lunch? No—that was a production coordinator. Maybe the one who failed to book Keenen a table at a Spago's standing-only buffet? "Any time new assistants came, they were always so happy," says a former staff member. "This one assistant they hired was so happy to be working for him, she wrote a letter to everybody in the office...saying it was just a dream come true, and three months later she was the most miserable person in the world."

But, hey, this is television, and that's why they pay you the big bucks. Unless, of course, the they is Keenen. There's still a lot of resentment dating from *In Living Color's* C-grade attempt at a 1991 Super Bowl halftime special. Doritos/Frito-Lay shelled out something like \$1 million for the show, but then, amid loud complaints from Doritos about the program's less-than-\$1-million production values, Keenen kept the surplus (around \$500,000) and paid the show's staff \$0 for the extra work.

Perhaps it's understandable that folks at CAA are being so withholding on the public joy front now that they've got Keenen in the bag, though that does leave us to speculate about what exactly they're planning to make of this would-be multitalent sans his usual humor prosthesis, Damon, the funny Wayans brother. Let's see: Who would hire a man who insists on perfection in both food preparation and employee performance? —Jane Craig

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Enemies: A Dud Story

Once again Hollywood has been forced to ponder the question, Wherefore Mark Canton? Thinking of the Columbia Pictures chairman as a cartoon character is nothing new, but his hysterical performance during the *Last Action Hero* debacle seems illustrative of a higher hysteria now rampant at Columbia. At least, that's what many industry insiders—thrilled with the relentlessly self-promoting Canton's humiliation—want to believe.

Columbia should be praised for attempting a decent show of faith in a film that they'd hyped ridiculously and that, every early indication showed, was about to flop. The studio's first taste of reality was at *Hero's* press junket back in June. The audience was silent throughout the screening—even at the end, when tradition dictates that junket toadies applaud. Columbia's PR staff was especially adamant that reporters not ask Arnold Schwarzenegger questions about the film's bad buzz.

"We've got a star who's gone berserk," one flack explained.

The star, of course, wasn't the only one going berserk. Canton, with the aid of Columbia's usually steady director of PR, Mark Gill, decided to take his frustration out on the media publicly—a good strategy in politics these days, but still suicidal in the entertainment industry. What's more, Canton chose as his target a rather small fish, freelance writer Jeffrey Wells, who had written an unfavorable piece about a (possibly nonexistent) *Hero* screening for the *Los Angeles Times*. The resulting imbroglio, in which Canton demanded that Wells be taken off the Columbia beat, predictably served only to reinforce the idea that the movie was in trouble and that everybody knew it. In fact, the article Canton had blown his stack over was such a minor item that industry insiders believe the real reason Canton went after Wells was that he suspected the sometime SPY contributor of being me. (He isn't.)

But while Canton's emotional dis-

play did not serve him well in the public eye, privately it was perhaps less loopy than it appeared. PR veep Doug Taylor encouraged reporters to look into Columbia's serious belief (shared by everyone on the film) that producer Joel Silver was behind a whisper campaign to sabotage *Hero*. Director John McTiernan felt compelled to call Silver's friends, saying, "I want that man hurt!" Claims were made that Wells was on Silver's payroll and that he was being used by Silver as a conduit to the *Times*. Both Silver and Wells call these claims ludicrous; but in Canton's defense, several industry insiders note that the behavior wouldn't be far-fetched for Silver. Oddly, Wells has on at least one occasion attempted to get a colleague to kill a negative story on Silver. And in 1989, Wells was denied a consulting contract at Columbia by production president Michael Nathanson. (It's worth noting that Wells's career stalled after the dispute, and an *L.A. Times* article he had prepared on the upcoming *Hans & Franz* was recently killed.)

While Silver isn't powerful enough to be responsible for audiences' hating the film in screenings and during the press junket, it is true that Wells's primary source on the screening was Silver's deputy, Silver Pictures president Michael Levy, known to affectionate colleagues simply as Lurch. As to what Silver's motivations would be—aside from his Others Must Fail credo—it's also true that a special animosity exists between Silver and his onetime employee, Columbia

production veep Barry Josephson. (Silver has told colleagues that Josephson "used" him as a stepping stone to Mark Canton.) To make matters more complicated, Schwarzenegger opted to put off work on the Silver-produced *Sgt. Rock* in order to do *Hero*. Interestingly, Silver gave *Hero's* principals their first big breaks: Screenwriter Shane Black wrote the first *Lethal Weapon* film, and McTiernan directed both *Predator* and *Die Hard*.

"Funny," one insider remarked. "If Silver had made this film, it probably would have worked."

Trims and Ends: With press-control madness reaching new heights in Hollywood lately, many bemused journalists have been forced to consider seriously the possibility that studio executives, actors and publicists really




Celia Brady

"We've got a star who's gone berserk," said a *Last Action Hero* publicist

do believe they employ the press as a whole. As one studio head has been known to explain to trade reporters who just don't get it, *If you want to be a journalist, go work for The New York Times. You work for us.*

In one startlingly dumb, uniquely Hollywood twist on this philosophy, a group of megastars, believed to include Don Simpson, Bruce Willis, Sly Stallone and Kevin Costner, have formed a media watchdog group specifically to monitor the accuracy of nine targeted journalists, and to dig up dirt on them if necessary. (We are pleased to report that determining the identity of yours truly is at the top of the group's "To Do" list.) You might remember the private investigator the group has hired to do its dirty work, thug-to-the-stars Anthony "the Intimidator" Pellicano, from his outstanding work as an audio- and videotape expert on behalf of car manufacturer John DeLorean during his 1983 drug-dealing trial. You may also recall that *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt somehow obtained copies of some of the DeLorean tapes, which were later determined to have been altered. SPY has learned that Pellicano bought a then-state-of-the-art \$12,000 NAGRA tape machine just months before Flynt went public with them, telling an associate he was "doing some work for Larry Flynt." (It remains unclear who was responsible for the altering or leaking of the tape, since Flynt refused to divulge his source.) Pellicano's reputation—he has bragged about beating up an investigation subject with a baseball bat—has made him a household name with a variety of stars, including former employers Simpson and Stallone. Given that Pellicano also once admitted to taking a \$30,000 loan from the son of a reputed mobster, one can only marvel at his continued association with such lovable movie heroes as Costner, Willis and Stallone.

See you Monday night at Mortons. I'll be at the corner table in a trench coat and sunglasses. —Celia Brady



nina

simone

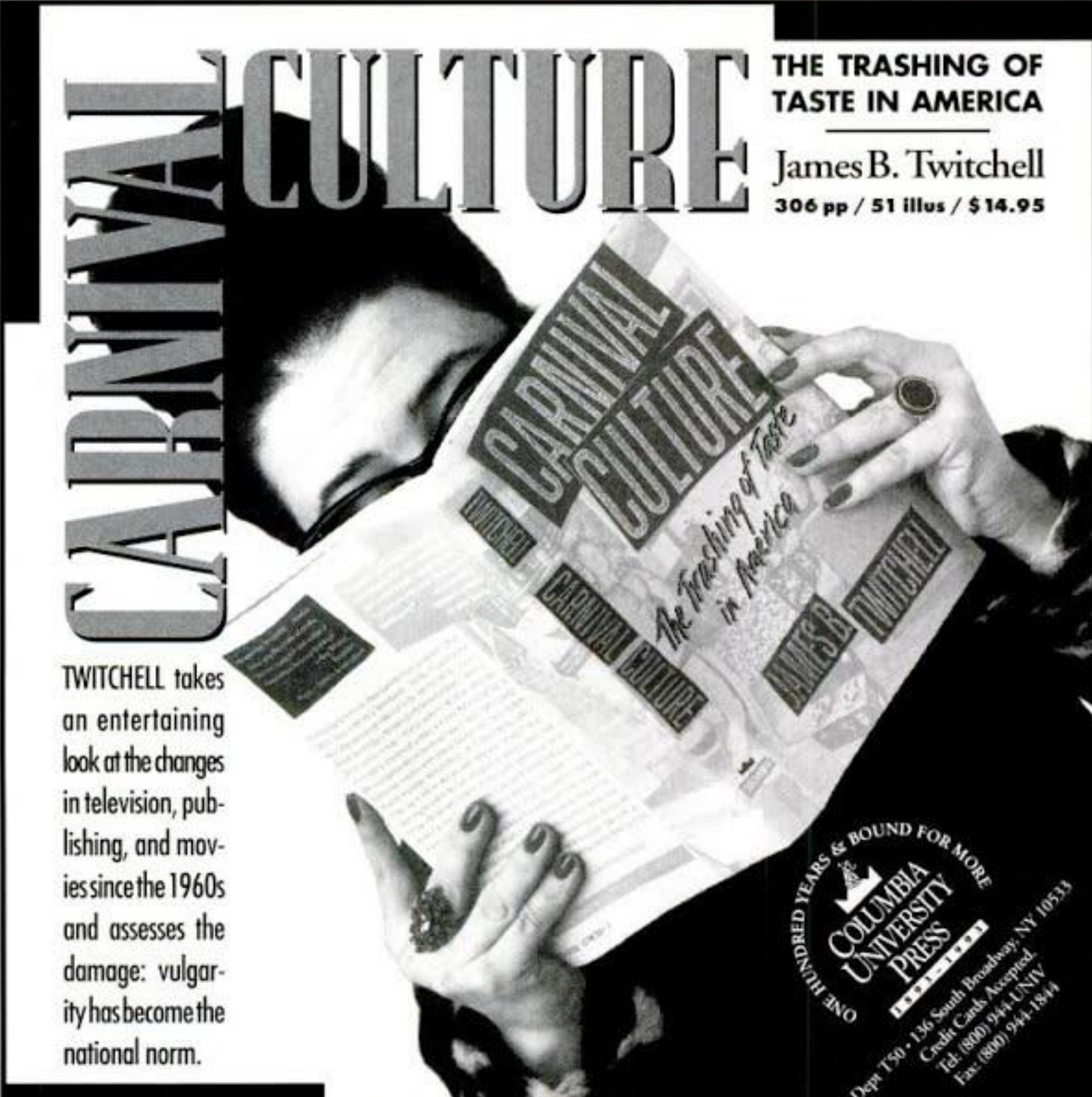
...she can take a familiar song and virtually reinvent it to turn it into an intense, often troubling personal journey.
New York Times/Stephen Holden

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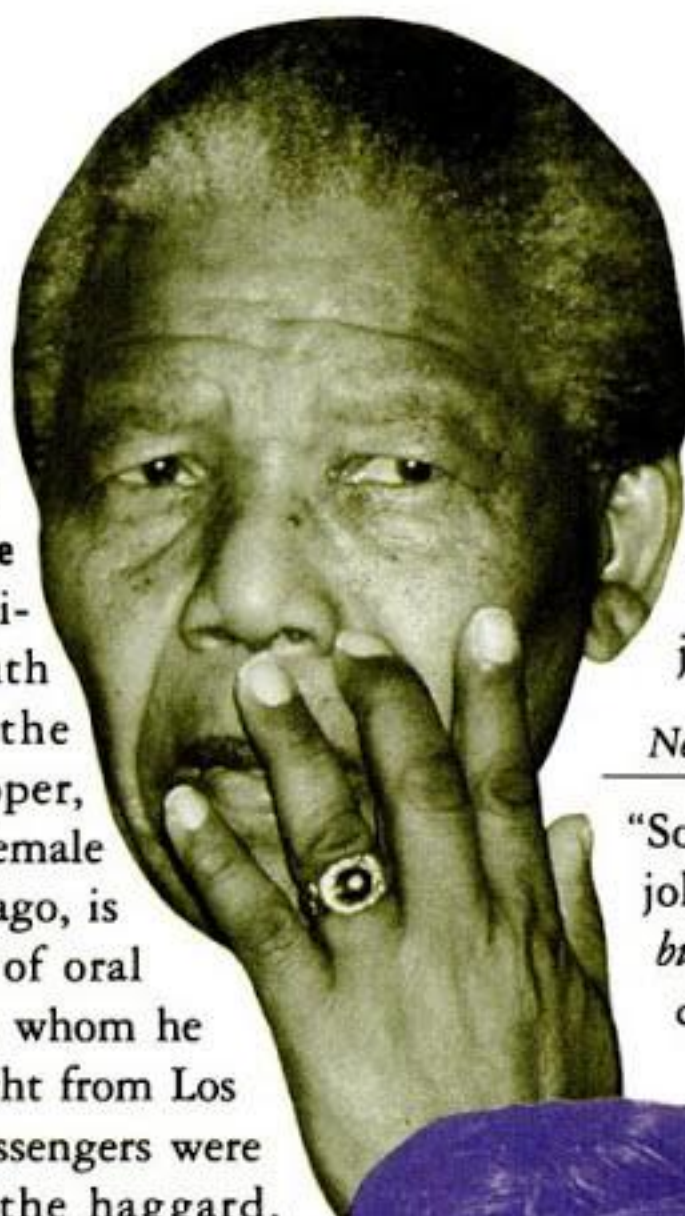
The Usual Suspects

1

The *New York Post* is still recovering, not so much from its recent shutdown but from the sight of transient owner **Abe Hirschfeld** kissing momentary editor **Pete Hamill** full on the mouth some months ago. However, the puckish parking-garage developer, who, you will recall, spat on a female reporter from Miami a few years ago, is continuing his public displays of oral gratification with little regard to whom he is traumatizing. On a red-eye flight from Los Angeles to New York in July, passengers were forced to endure the sight of the haggard, very married 73-year-old engaged in amorous conversation with a young woman he had met only seconds before. Romantic chat proceeded alarmingly to boiling passion and finally to uncontrollable desire, at which point the two began to neck and pet furiously—much to the dismay of nearby observers. One of them was about to call a steward when suddenly the woman, evidently blind with lust, stood up and removed her blouse, exposing her bare breasts to the hapless men, women and children on board; as she sat down, the panting Abe attached himself and began to suckle. When an agitated attendant attempted to halt the action, the baby-bald financier cheerily waved him off. Only after the attendant threatened to alert the authorities did Abe undock.

2

Recently the following exchange was overheard between tyrant-



publicist **Cindy Adams** and her husband, paleocomedian **Joey**, as they were seated next to each other on the panel of a talk show, the subject of which was race. He: "So, should I do the Martin Luther King joke?" She: "No!" He, a bit later: "I'm going to tell the Martin Luther King joke." She: "No!" He, again: "So, should I tell the Martin Luther King joke?" She, teeth clenched: "*No! It's boring bullshit.*" A few minutes later, he: "Should I do the Martin Luther King joke?" She, whisper-screaming: "If you tell that joke—" He: "I'm not gonna."

3

Twenty-seven years of incarceration in South Africa may have made **Nelson Mandela** a potent symbol of resistance to an oppressive regime, but it did nothing for his cocktail-party banter. On a trip to England not long ago, Mandela was introduced to the son of a wealthy supermarket magnate and seized the opportunity to deliver a bon mot. "You chose your father very well," Mandela remarked, to a chorus of polite *ho-hos*. The laughter was a little more strained, however, when the potent symbol of resistance to an oppressive regime made his second witticism a few minutes later. Upon meeting **Lady Soames**, the daughter of **Winston Churchill**, Mandela ad-libbed, "You chose your father very well." ☛





case dismissed when big people have little names

janet. is the name of Janet Jackson's latest multiplatinum album. According to the press kit, "It's the period that matters." But what really matters (if anything does) is that *j.* It signifies—nay, *whispers*—"Caution: artiste at work." —Daniel Radosh

ART/ARTISTE

RAISON D'ART

AREN'T YOU TEACHING KIDS BAD GRAMMAR?

sex, lies and videotape

Steven Soderbergh, director

"It just looked better....When the movie started being seen, it was brought to my attention—I didn't have a television at the time—that *thirtysomething* was using lowercase. I might not have done that if I'd known ahead of time."

"I'm worried about teaching them other things, but not that."

thirtysomething

Marshall Herskovitz, co-creator

"There was something in the material, the way in which it was unformal and realistic and like everyday life, that somehow made [our designer] think of all lowercase."

"Where is the bad grammar in the lowercase name? Was e. e. cummings accused of bad grammar?"

k. d. lang

Melenie Caldwell, publicist

"The first story was [she copied] e. e. cummings, but she said she's just always done it that way."

"I doubt it. It's not an issue, really."

bell hooks

Feminist scholar bell hooks (aka Gloria Watkins)

"There tend to be two kinds of people in the world: those who worship lowercase letters and those who don't."

"Nope. If kids learn grammar, they will also be free to choose."

john powell

ACLU legal director john powell

"I thought of it as my own Copernican revolution. [Capital letters] are a way for people to place themselves at the center of the universe, so this was my rebellion against that....There were a number of other very subtle and profound reasons that I forget."

"No. Children in general, and even more so minority children, and even more particularly my own children—they know that convention is to capitalize your name."

janet.

Mitch Schneider, publicist

"It is what it is."

"Again, it is what it is. And I refer them to e. e. cummings."

e. e. cummings

Norman Friedman, biographer

"[The publishers] decided to print his name...in lowercase, supposedly because he did not have a conventional approach to capitalization....But that was in his poetry. He spelled his own name with capitals."

"His widow was furious when it was said that he'd legally changed his name to lowercase. She blew her stack." 🐦

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Peacock Worship

Sure, things have been going badly for NBC lately, but that doesn't mean the network has developed an appetite for self-parody. When NBC decided to update its famous peacock logo, the designers invited to give the bird a new look got a memo that laid down some rules:

"PEACOCK ATTITUDE: Proud, Confident, Irreverent, Winner, Imaginative, Fun and Entertaining."

"The Peacock should never be presented in a negative light or as a loser...."

"If the NBC letters are used they should always be large...."

"The Peacock should not be covered or defaced with other images [and] should always dominate and never [be] overshadowed...."



Pretender Worship

It's not exactly news that disturbed people are clogging our courts with frivolous lawsuits (think of Woody's

custody bid, for example). Still, in Philadelphia recently, a man named Joseph Mallon—or *Joseph Mallon, God*, as the legal system knows him—has been conducting an impressive campaign. Besides his rather prosaic suits against George Bush and Harvard Law School,

Separated at Birth?



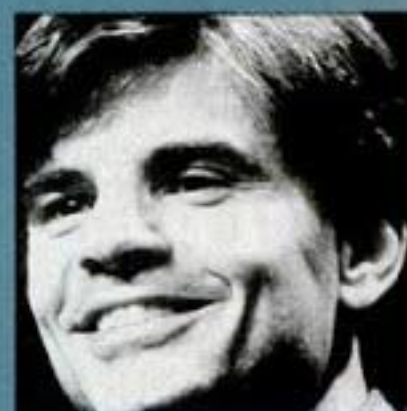
Brooding enigma
Sergey Rachmaninoff...



and enigmatic brooder
Mario Cuomo?



Inner-child expert
Stuart Smalley...



and inner-circle reject
G. Stephanopoulos?

Mallon has filed two fairly inventive grievances.

One is *Joseph Mallon, God v. the People of England*. His claim—well, we so seldom see complaints written in verse that we ought to reward his originality with a nice long quote: “Heyyyyy, what is wrong with you Britainians/ Where’s your sense?/ Yous did not get one thing done./ Your acts were all just idiocy./ Where’s your sense?/ You can not just be so dumb,/ And you all did nothing positive.”

Mallon’s other interesting case is *Mallon v. United States* (God’s Court, 1991), against Chrissie Hynde, formerly of the Pretenders. Mallon maintains that Hynde is his wife, and he is grieved that she refuses to recognize it. In support of his petition, Mallon included a long list of his dreams.

Among them:

“393. I was in a dream, and I kissed Chrissie....Also, I said to Chrissie ‘Feel this.’...

“471. I was in a dream, and I saw another Chrissie face on the Chrissie part of my God’s Miracle Cross....

“472. I was [dreaming] about Chrissie. I was thinking, ‘Can you be perfect every day? Try it.’...

“481. I was in a dream, and I was in my God’s Cross Room. As I was on my God’s Bed, I was saying ‘You get over here, Chrissie. You hurry. You hurry over here Chrissie.’ I was real emotional because I really meant it a lot....”

Mallon’s suits have been dismissed, if only on Earth. (Duane Swierczynski researched this article.)

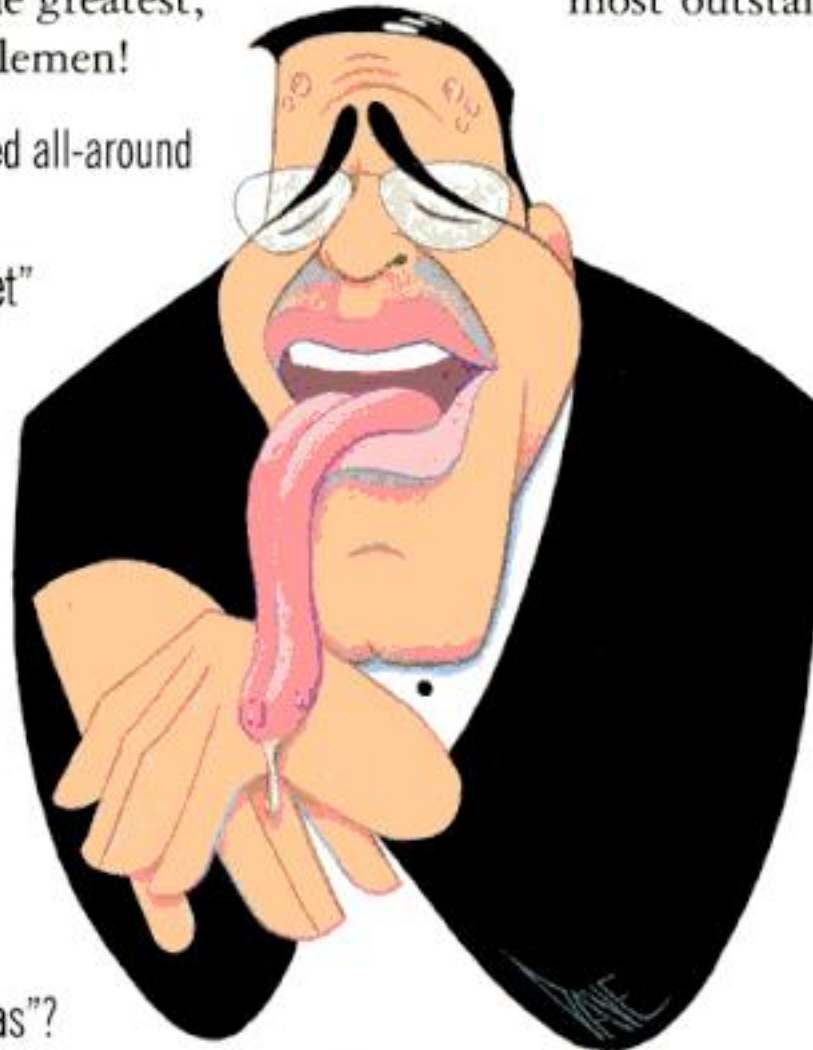
A Star Who Needs No Headline

A SPY Quiz

What Jerry Lewis says about his Labor Day Telethon—“If you miss a little, you miss a lot”—couldn’t be more true. In particular, you miss the fawning, platitudinous introductions that Jerry (once referred to as “the Pied Piper of love” by Chad Everett) gives to all his show business pals. Match the celebrity with his Jerry-style encomium in this SPY quiz—the greatest, most outstanding quiz that ever existed, ladies and gentlemen!

—Bob Daily

1. Who was “the most talented all-around entertainer since Jolson”?
2. Who is “the best we can get” and Jerry’s “best friend”?
3. Who is “showing music a new direction for the future”?
4. Who is “a stellar performer, top-of-the-line, top-drawer, a champ”?
5. Who is “a one-of-a-kind individual”?
6. Who is there for Jerry “as Damon was there for Pythias”?
7. Who is “a man who has withstood the test of time”?
8. Who is “the first to respond when we need a celebrity to help”?
9. Who is “a real role model and a credit to his business”?
10. Who is “the best entertainer you can get at any hour, any day”?
11. Who is simply “the best”?



- a. Ed McMahon
- b. Ziggy Marley
- c. Tony Orlando
- d. Jack Jones
- e. Ricardo Montalban
- f. Sammy Davis Jr.
- g. Julius LaRosa
- h. Robert Goulet
- i. M C Hammer
- j. Charlie Callas
- k. Richie Havens

ANSWERS: 1-f; 2-g; 3-b; 4-h; 5-j; 6-a; 7-k; 8-e; 9-i; 10-c; 11-d



Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews on *The Tonight Show* by Jay Leno, the Movie Publicist's Friend

LOST IN YONKERS, starring Richard Dreyfuss, Mercedes Ruehl (Columbia)
Jay Leno says, “Very good! This is a nice family movie!”

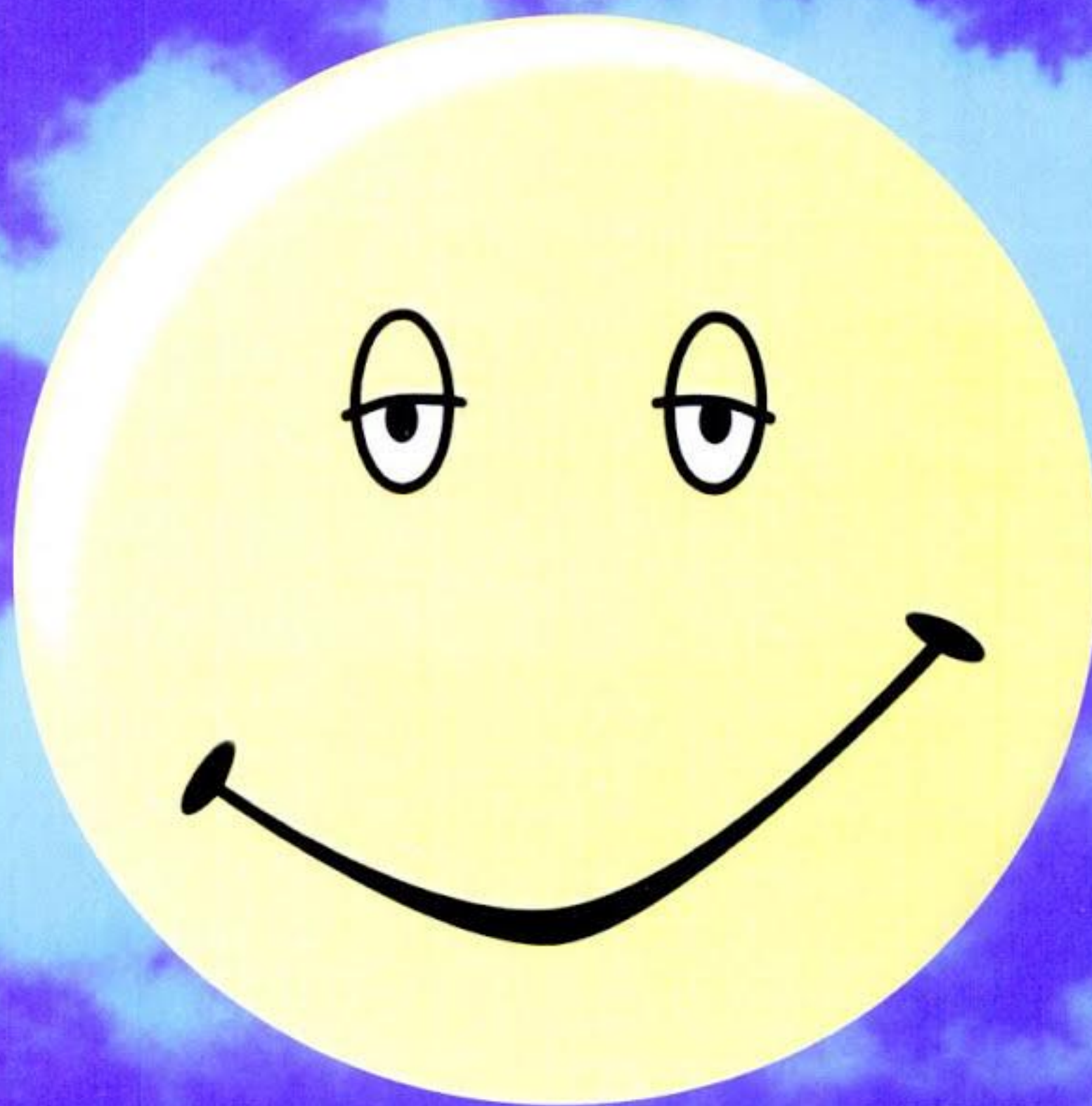
WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT, starring Angela Bassett (Touchstone)
Jay Leno says, “Great! It's terrific!”

CLIFFHANGER, starring Sylvester Stallone, Janine Turner (TriStar)
Jay Leno says, “Very exciting! Very exciting!”

JURASSIC PARK, starring Laura Dern, Sam Neill (Universal)
Jay Leno says, “The biggest movie in the history of the world! There has to be a sequel!”

LAST ACTION HERO, starring Arnold Schwarzenegger (Columbia)
Jay Leno says, “I had a great time! The movie was a lot of fun! If I was a dinosaur, I'd say, ‘Look out for Arnold!’ ”

Rule of Thumbs: —a must-see; —go see it right this second!

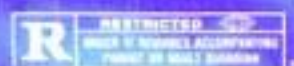


Have A Nice Daze Dazed and Confused

The Film Everyone Will Be Talking About

GRAMERCY PICTURES Presents An ALPHAVILLE Production In Association With DETOUR FILM PRODUCTION "DAZED AND CONFUSED"

PRODUCTION DESIGNER JOHN FRICK DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LEE DANIEL CO-PRODUCER ANNE WALKER-McBAY PRODUCED BY JAMES JACKS SEAN DANIEL RICHARD LINKLATER



ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
ON MCA CD AND CASSETTES



WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY RICHARD LINKLATER

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COMING SEPTEMBER 24TH TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE

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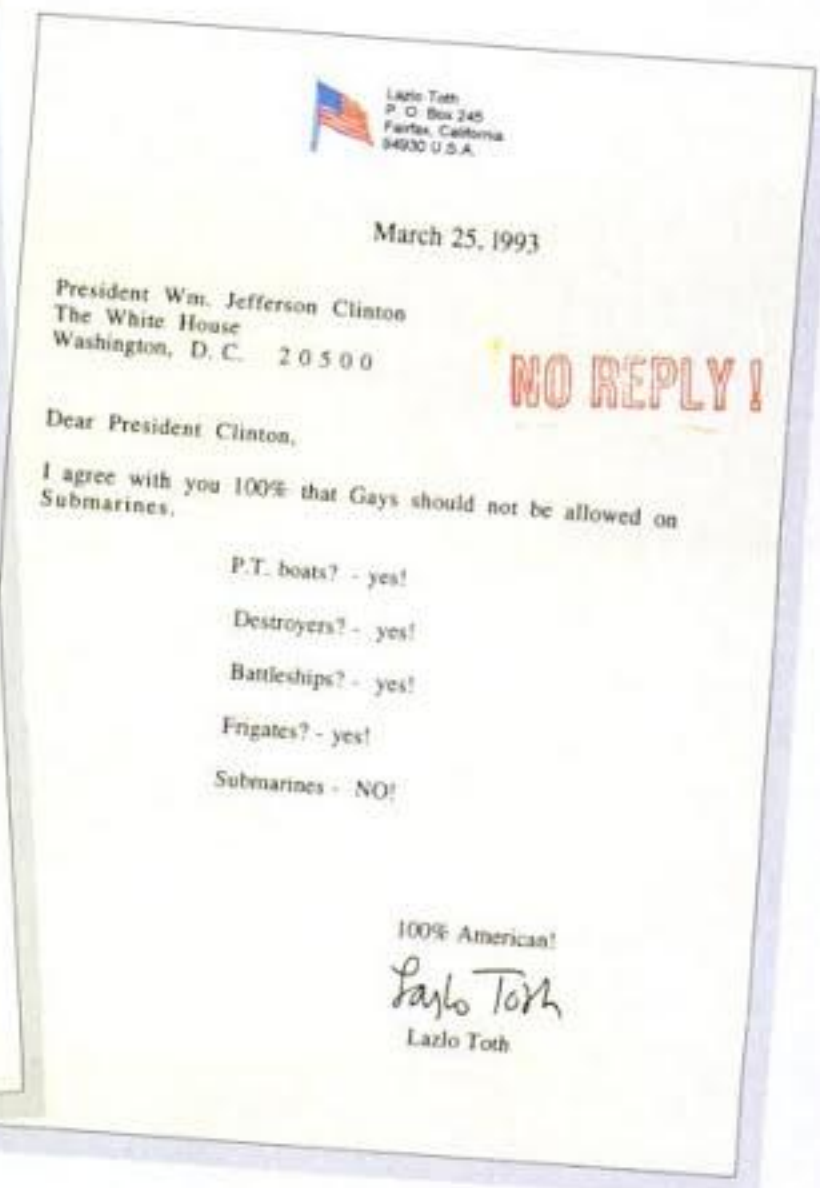
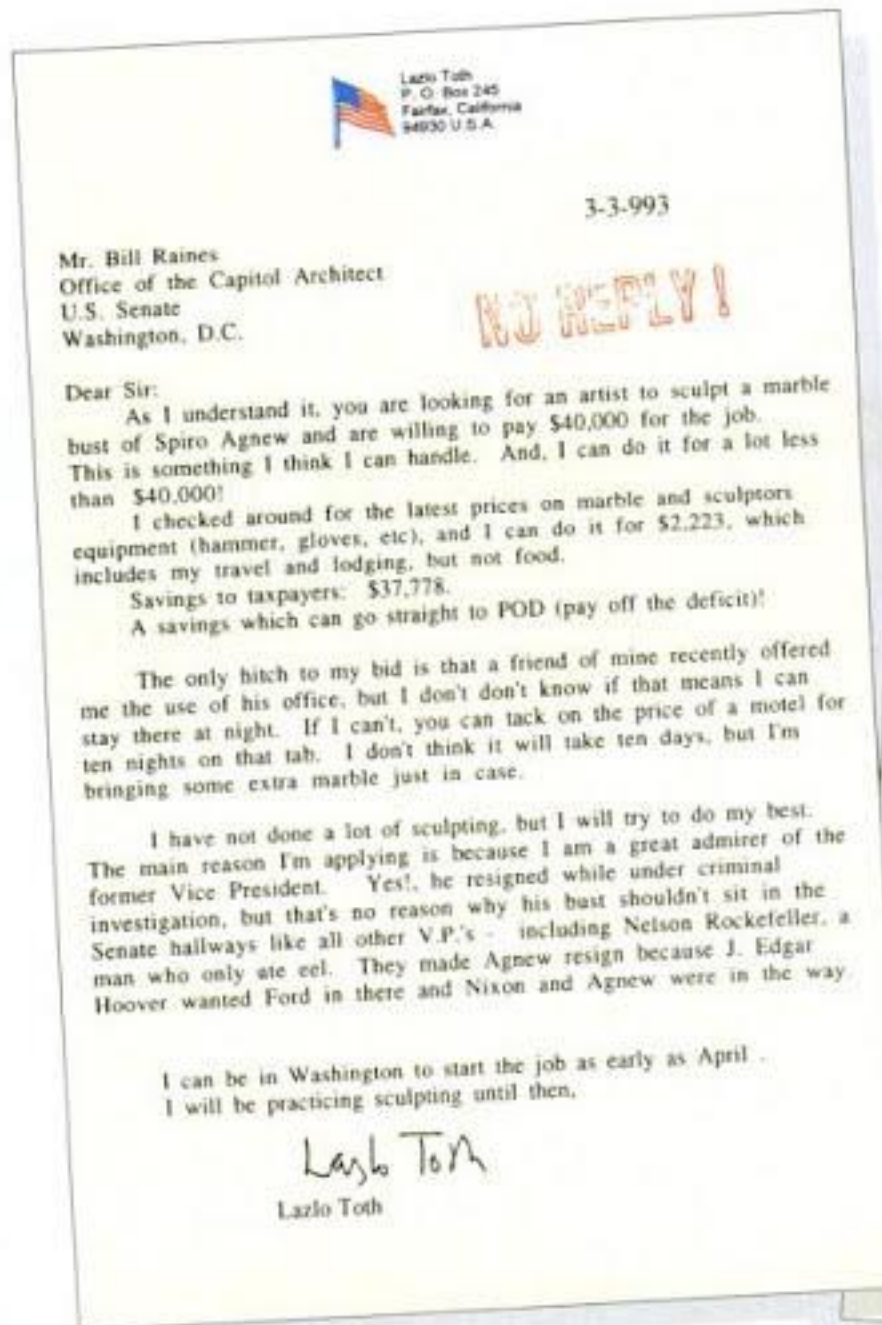


The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT V

No Reply!

This month, Mr. Toth
(aka Don Novello) is left
holding the mailbag.



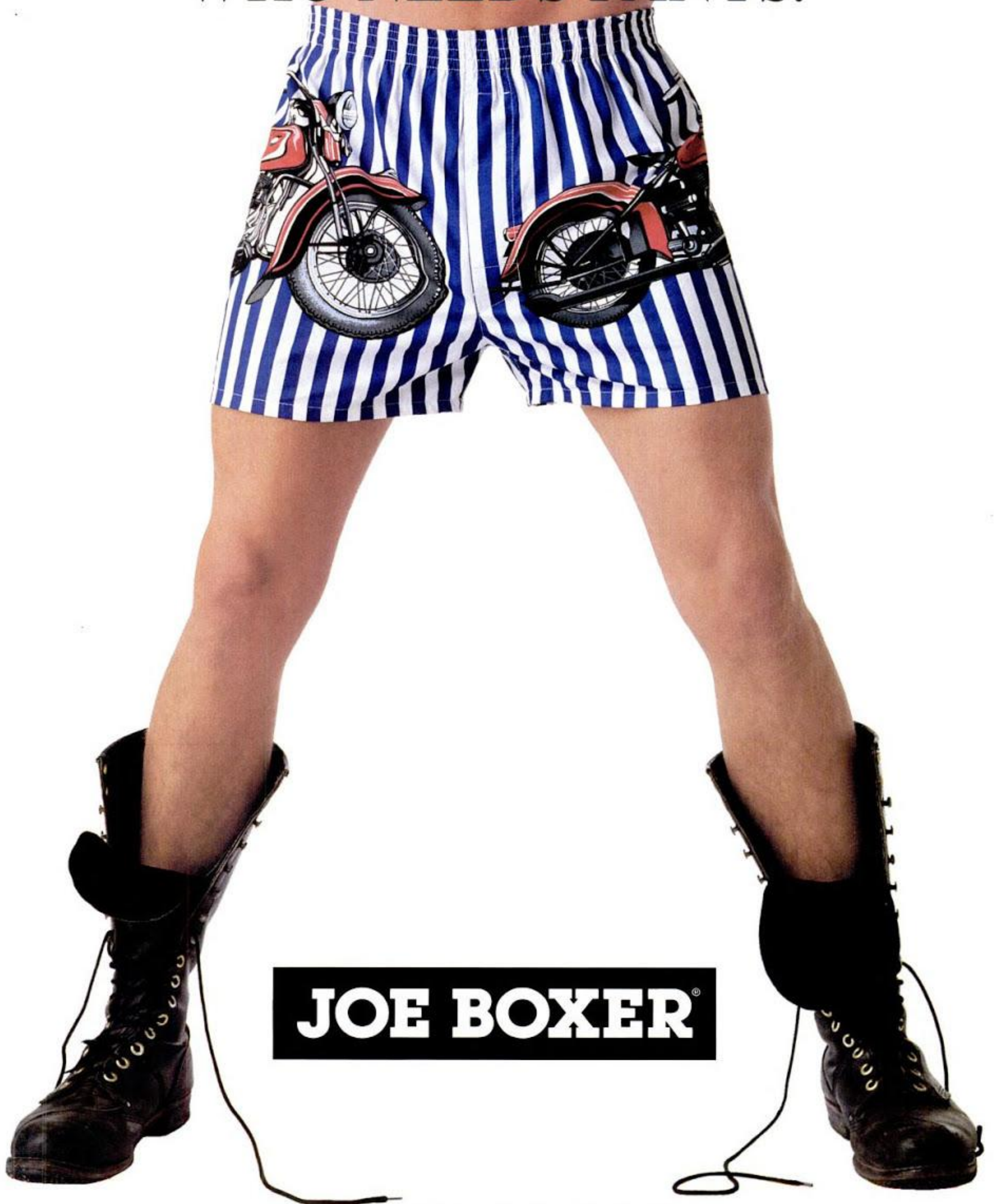
It's a Wonderful Town!



Woman being prevented from jumping off Grand Central station.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

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JOE'S WILD ONE BOXER PHOTO BY JOCK McDONALD

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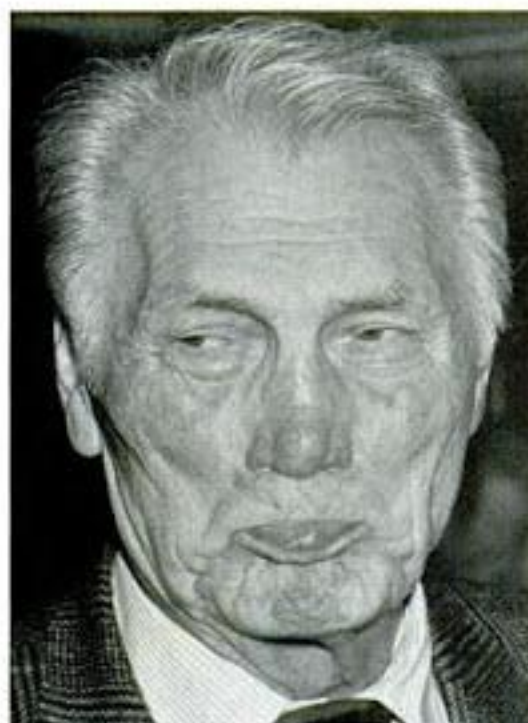
Hispanically correct Bianca Jagger is not amused by HBO chairman Michael Fuchs's Senor Wences impression.



Beloved *Green Acres* stars Eddie Albert and Eva Gabor inexplicably pose with wax dummies of Dana Andrews and Joey Heatherton.

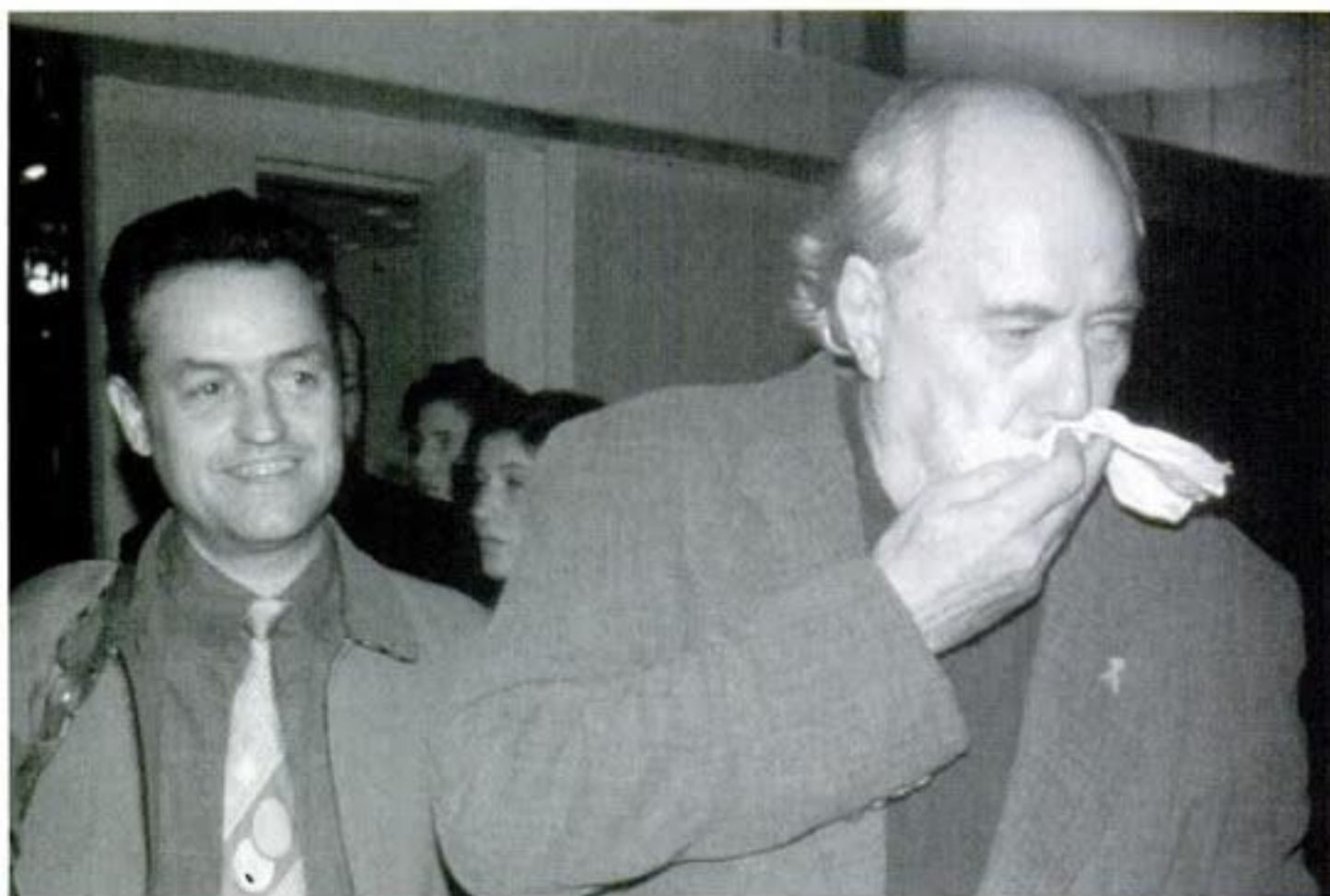


Shortish gossipeur Billy Norwich hides behind Naomi Campbell so that he can see the celebrities...but they can't see him.



Friars Club roastee Jack Palance enjoys the very funny barbs of Steve Allen.

PARTY
POOP.



Jonathan Demme describes to fellow auteur Robert Altman some of his ideas for *Silence of the Lambs II*.



Publicity succubus Dr. Ruth attaches herself like a limpet to large-breasted coverhunk Fabio.



Highly polished broadcast journalists Diane Sawyer and Barbara Walters cheek by jowl.



The legendary Rich Little brags to a companion of his proficiency in oral mimesis.



At the ABA book convention, master of horror Stephen King tries to channel Lee Atwater.



Xenophobic mannequin Marky Mark introduces the fashion elite to his Funky Bunch.

A BUSY AMERICAN'S GUIDE TO U.K. Decay



PART THE FIRST: ROYALTY

With so much contradictory information leaking out of Buckingham Palace these days, can we ever know what's true? Perhaps. Availing ourselves of the very latest mathematical averaging tools, we have deconstructed eight recent royal-scandal books and tested ten popular propositions about the royal family. **BY DANIEL RADOSH AND LOUIS THEROUX**

PROPOSED: CHARLES IS A COLD BASTARD.



Andrew Morton, *Diana: Her True Story*: "In a mood of irritated exasperation he told her bluntly that if she was going to faint she should have done so in private." **Support of proposition: 87%**

Nigel Blundell & Susan Blackhall, *Fall of the House of Windsor*: "On the first morning of their honeymoon,

[Charles] left his marital bed...to go fishing in the River Test." When asked if he was in love with Diana, Charles answered, "Yes, whatever that may mean." **Support: 73%**

Lady Colin Campbell, *The Royal Marriages*: When Diana said, "My God, I look so fat," after seeing herself on TV, Charles said, "It's just the television. Don't worry about it. You look fine." **Support: 0%**

Nigel Dempster & Peter Evans, *Behind Palace Doors: Marriage and Divorce in the House of Windsor*: "'Your courage has made my day,' [Charles] said to a woman who had lost a leg in the explosion." **Support: 9%**

James Whitaker, *Diana vs. Charles: Royal Blood Feud*: "Charles never once went to her flat to pick her up, he never sent flowers or chocolates....He told her that he 'couldn't stand her silly flatmates.'" **Support: 22%**

Lesley Player (with William Hall), *My Story: The Duchess of York, Her Father and Me*: "Charles extended his hand, and his face lit up with one of the sweetest smiles I had ever seen." **Support: 0%**

A. N. Wilson, *The Rise and Fall of the House of Windsor*: He calls Diana's handling of AIDS patients and lepers her "Mother Teresa act." **Support: 65%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 37%

CONCLUDED: While the proposition fails to achieve adequate support, it is clear that Charles can sometimes be a cold bastard.

PROPOSED: DIANA TRULY, DEEPLY CARES.



Morton: Explaining why she doesn't patronize the arts, Diana said, "There are more important things in life than ballet, there are people dying in the streets." **Support: 98%**

Campbell: The day Charles and Di's engagement was announced, Diana had the palace call the kindergarten where she worked to say she would not be coming in anymore. **Support: 0%**

Dempster & Evans: "[Diana] told the prince that she had watched the funeral of Lord Mountbatten on television. She told him that her heart had bled for him [Charles] when she watched him—looking so alone—following the coffin out of Westminster Abbey." **Support: 72%**

Whitaker: After visiting a home for the disabled: "They were very ill, some of them. Some no legs and all sorts of things." **Support: 94%**

Wilson: "It's not only AIDS, it's anyone who suffers. I can smell them a mile away." **Support: 100%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 73%

CONCLUDED: In her own special way, Diana truly and deeply cares.

PROPOSED: CHARLES DROVE DIANA BARMY.



Morton: On her honeymoon, Diana saw photographs of Camilla Parker-Bowles fall out of Charles's diary. As a child "Diana daubed luminous paint on the eyes of her cuddly green hippo so that at night it seemed as though he was keeping watch and looking after her." **Support: 51%**

Blundell & Blackhall: "The colours [Diana] wore were carefully picked to help her inner karma." **Support: 8%**

Anthony Holden, *The Tarnished Crown: Princess Diana and the House of Windsor*: "'Diana became ill because of the anger and hurt of finding out she wasn't loved,' testifies her former nanny." **Support: 48%**

Campbell: "'I've discovered this great way of dieting. Eat all you want, then aagh,' [Diana] continued descriptively, opening her mouth and pointing her finger downwards." **Support: 24%**

Dempster & Evans: "On one occasion she covered her friend businessman James Gilbey's Alfa-Romeo in eggs and flour after he had stood her up on a date." **Support: 0%**

Whitaker: "The prince would spit at Diana, 'You stupid woman,' or, 'You silly young girl,' over and over again." **Support: 81%**

Wilson: "We now all know enough about Prince Charles to know that he is an extremely odd man." **Support: 16%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 33%

CONCLUDED: Evidently Diana always had barmy tendencies, though Charles may have enabled her barminess.

SETTING SUN

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF
GREAT BRITAIN, 1940-93



PROPOSED: DIANA IS A BIT THICK.



Morton: "In essays she wrote endlessly, her distinctive, well-rounded hand covering the pages. 'It just came out of the pen, on and on and on,' she says." **Support: 8%**

Blundell & Blackhall: Diana's school report cards "could do no better than say she was kind to animals and younger children."

Support: 98%

Campbell: During an evening with Anwar Sadat and his wife, "the only contribution the normally witty Diana could make to the conversation was to repeat, over and over again, how much she liked mangoes." **Support: 82%**

Dempster & Evans: "When Charles told [Diana] to mind her head as she ducked beneath an arch...she said: 'Why? There's nothing in it.'" **Support: 80%**

Whitaker: Diana is given to making comments like "Brain the size of a pea—that's what I've got" and "I'm as thick as a plank." **Support: 86%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 71%

CONCLUDED: Diana is quite thick.

PROPOSED: CHARLES IS A GENIUS.



Morton: "As they lay in the heather he read out passages from books by the Swiss psychiatrist, Carl Jung."

Support: 72%

Blundell & Blackhall: While in the Navy, Charles "used to spend a fortune in joke shops buying exploding cigars, stinkbombs and imitation dog-poo."

Support: 0%

Dempster & Evans: Sir Laurens van der Post and Dr. Armand Hammer "were the men he invited to dinner when he wanted the conversation to be profound." **Support: 22%**

Whitaker: Charles is interested in "poetry, the arts, philosophy." **Support: 18%**

Player: Charles wrote a "terrific" foreword for Player's polo brochure. **Support: 9%**

Wilson: "Prince Charles visited a turf-roofed hovel [on the Hebridean island of Berneray], which had been deserted by its miserable inhabitants; the Prince said how sad he found it that people no longer lived in such dwellings." **Support: 12%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 22%

CONCLUDED: Charles's reputed intellectual prowess appears to be largely relative to Diana's.

PROPOSED: CHARLES IS HUNKY.



Morton: "When the Queen came to visit her grandchild the following day her comment was typical. As she looked at the tiny bundle she said drily: 'Thank goodness he hasn't got ears like his father.'" **Support: 0%**

Blundell & Blackhall: "Prince Charles may not be the most handsome man in the world but he has never had any trouble attracting beautiful women." **Support: 7%**

Campbell: At school Charles "never emerged from a rugby scrum without some mark from the latest bully who walked away saying, 'I punched/kicked/squeezed the balls of the future King of England.'" **Support: 2%**

Holden: "An eleven-year-old Mexican girl tried to take his photograph. Charles asked her not to, bizarrely explaining that he did not photograph well." **Support: 4%**

Dempster & Evans: "'An awful lot of women who went to bed with him would never have gone to bed with him if he had not been HRH,' readily admitted one woman who had." **Support: 0%**

Whitaker: Charles: "Going to press the tit." Camilla: "...I wish you were pressing mine." Charles: "God, I wish I was. Harder and harder." **Support: 100%**

Player: "In short, the man I hope will be our future King is both sexy and gorgeous." **Support: 94%**

Wilson: Charles to Camilla: "I need you several times a week." **Support: 100%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 38%

CONCLUDED: Charles's perceived hunkeness is largely limited to people who hang out with horses.

PROPOSED: PRINCE EDWARD IS A NANCY BOY.



Blundell & Blackhall: Edward had a very close school chum nicknamed Blodwen Nipples Filofax. **Support: 89%**

Campbell: Edward was "head boy" at boarding school. **Support: 51%**

Wilson: "There is no reason to suppose that [Edward] would make a bad King, but it has seemed for the last few years as though he would prefer a career in theatre." **Support: 86%**

Holden: As a child Charles "had reduced his brother Edward to tears by snapping a cello string in his face."





Support: 84%

Dempster & Evans: "[A] young model...claimed that she lost her virginity to Edward at Buckingham Palace while the Queen slept next door." **Support: 12%**

Whitaker: "Prince Edward had covered himself in honey." **Support: 83%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 68%

CONCLUDED: It appears that Prince Edward is indeed a Nancy boy, though there's certainly nothing wrong with that.

PROPOSED: THE QUEEN MOTHER IS A SAINT.



Morton: The Queen Mother turned the rest of the royal family against Diana. **Support: 0%**

Blundell & Blackhall: The Queen Mother knew of, but never acknowledged, four cousins, two of whom were listed as dead in *Burke's Peerage* but were actually locked up in a mental institution. **Support: 0%**

Dempster & Evans: "Her grandmotherly charm was a convenient mask...[the] most sweetly ruthless of them all...Machiavellian...." **Support: 0%**

Whitaker: "[Diana] had been given no assistance by the Queen Mother on her introduction into royal circles, despite popular myth." **Support: 0%**

Wilson: "The Queen Mother's gambling addictions, and the high sums she has wasted on injudicious wagers, would alone fill a book." **Support: 0%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 0%

CONCLUDED: In addition to not being a Catholic and not having performed any miracles to date, the Queen Mother does not fulfill other qualifications for sainthood.

PROPOSED: THE ROYAL FAMILY IS RIFE WITH BIGOTS.



Morton: Diana hired a South African interior designer to do her rooms. **Support: 84%**

Blundell & Blackhall: "In China in 1986 [Prince Philip] said to a British student: 'If you stay much longer, you will get slit-ty eyes.'" Princess Margaret reportedly called the Irish

"pigs." **Support: 100%**

Campbell: Charles is rumored to have cooperated with

Campbell, despite the fact that she is a Jamaican. **Support: 8%**

Holden: Exempt from equal-opportunity laws, Queen Elizabeth, "titular leader of millions more non-white than white subjects, chose with impunity not to employ one non-white person...in the Royal Household." **Support: 100%**

Dempster & Evans: At Cambridge, Charles dated Lucia Santa Cruz, the daughter of the Chilean ambassador, and later he dated Cristabel Barria-Borsage, a Venezuelan socialite. **Support: 23%**

Whitaker: "The staff at Kensington Palace used to joke that the place should be renamed Ethiopia because both Charles and Diana were so thin." **Support: 95%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 68%

CONCLUDED: The royal family is rife with bigots, but much of this can be attributed to their upbringing.

PROPOSED: THE MONARCHY IS DEAD.



Morton: "The jury is out and it is by no means certain that the verdict will be favourable to the monarchy." **Support: 65%**

Blundell & Blackhall: "There is no doubt that the monarchy is secure as long as Elizabeth reigns." **Support: 42%**

Campbell: "The Royal Family, like the British people, will undergo profound and fundamental adjustments by the time the twenty-first century dawns." **Support: 87%**

Holden: "As long as its denizens live in extravagant luxury at public expense, hoarding their huge private wealth—and failing, in some cases, to maintain the high moral standards which are the price of such privilege—the monarchy's chances of survival sink daily." **Support: 95%**

Player: "Meeting Charles is enough to restore anyone's faith in the Throne." **Support: 6%**

Wilson: If the Queen wishes to guarantee the future of the Monarchy, she should "declare the Duke of Gloucester and all his legitimate descendants...heirs to the British Crown." **Support: 98%**

OVERALL SUPPORT: 66%

CONCLUDED: God save the Queen—no one else will.



ROYAL BUMS AND KNICKERS

The Rude Bits

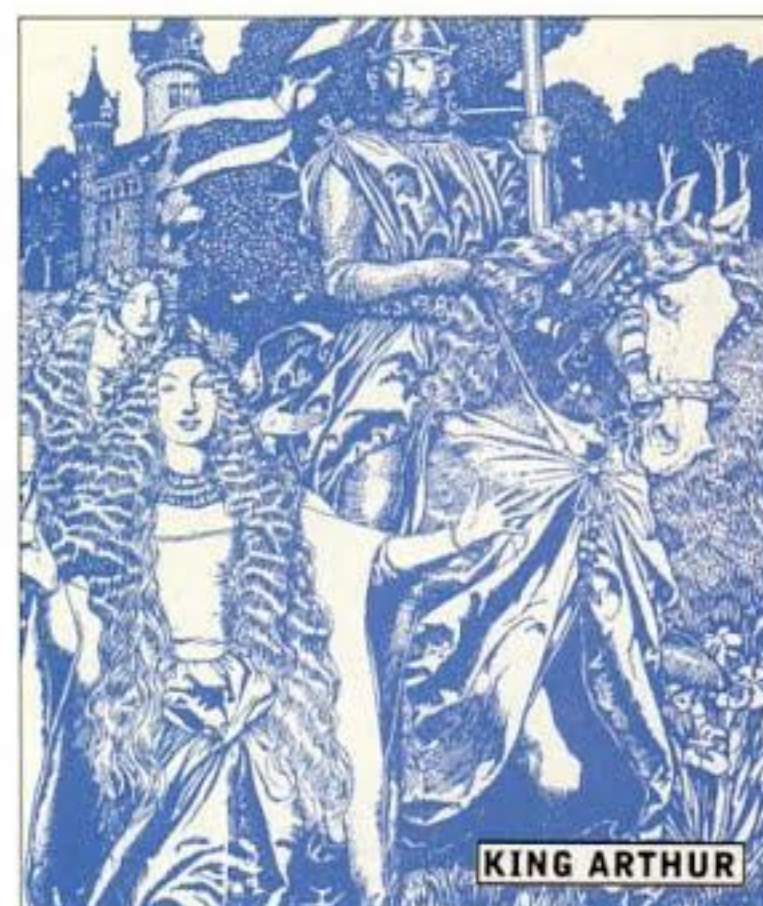
Dempster: "[Charles] was excruciatingly shy, and could only do it in the missionary position with the lights out....[One lady friend] asked the Prince, 'What shall I call you—Sir or Charles?' And as he started making love to her, he replied: 'Call me Arthur.'... 'Prince Philip complained that he could not keep Princess [later Queen] Elizabeth out of his bed, that she was at him sexually all the time,' says the Duchess [of Leeds].... They went to dinner with Norman Mailer, whose books Sarah confessed she had never read. 'Which one should I begin with?' she asked the famous author. He suggested *Tough Guys Don't Dance*. When Sarah asked what it was about, Mailer replied, 'Pussy.'"

Blundell: "The following year, three royal footmen were in disgrace after they were discovered having a gay orgy in one of Buckingham Palace's large Victorian enamel baths. Another servant opened an unlocked door...and recoiled in shock as the miscreants rubbed each other with bath oil and scrubbed each other with loofahs.... On more than one occasion...a crewman undid his fly and dipped his private part in [Prince Andrew's] food before serving it to him.... One of [Andrew's] old flames had taught the young Prince the art of making their lovemaking interludes last longer. The method employed by Andrew during love-making was to count, as if he were counting sheep. However, what Miss Hodge found most disconcerting was that the Prince counted *out loud!*"

Morton: "The sense of destiny which Diana had felt from an early age shaped...her relationships with the opposite sex. She says: 'I knew I had to keep myself tidy for what lay ahead.'"

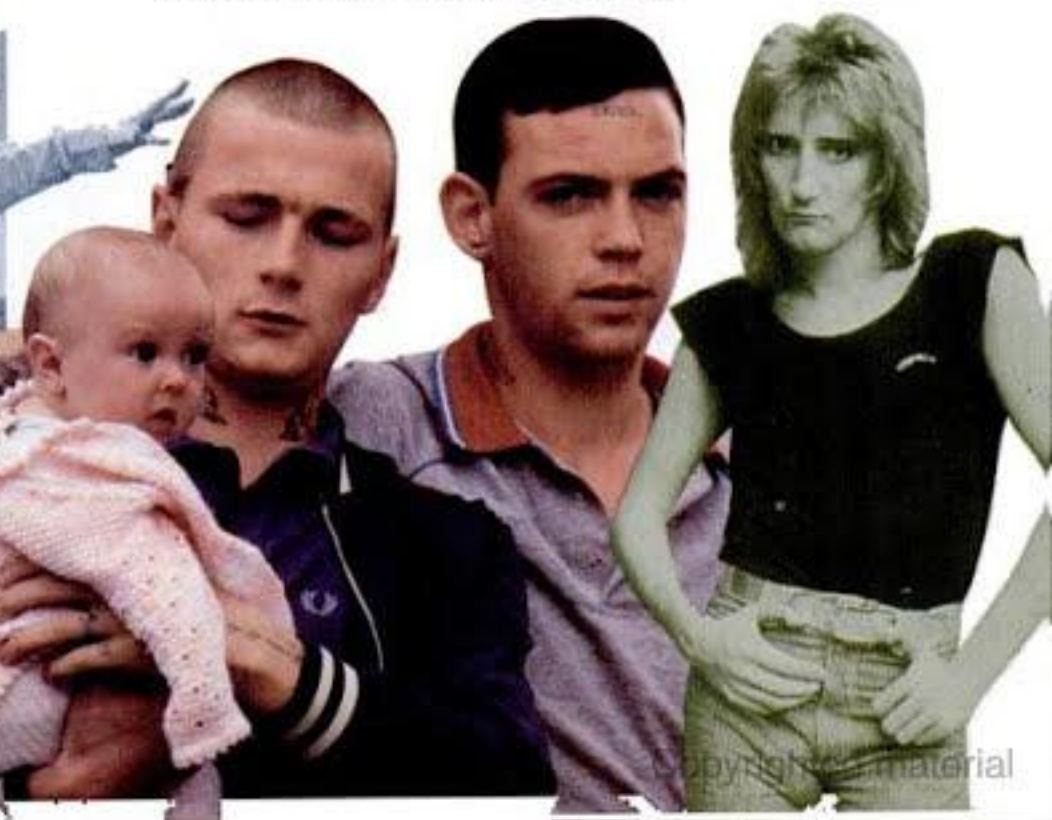
Campbell: "'The royal family were so concerned by Charles's late development with the opposite sex that it was more or less arranged between the Queen and her great friend, Victor Santa Cruz, that Lucia should give him a 'kick start' into the art of personal relations. She did so, but told me that she found it an extremely difficult task and that Charles was very far from being an accomplished lover.'...[The valet] saw [James] Hewitt's hands going up the back of Diana's blouse, which was outside her breeches. She was also embarked upon a similar mission.... Diana's exertions had left her looking flushed and dishevelled.... Squidgy responds by asking him if he is touching himself down there and claims that she has never masturbated in her life. So he spends the rest of the time leading her through a masturbatory exercise. Graphically, he tells her to touch herself down there, to fondle herself, to stroke herself. He becomes so caught up in what he is doing for his Squidgy that he quite forgets to give himself any pleasure."

Holden: "Before their wedding, to the dismay of staff, [Andrew and Fergie] openly slept together in Buckingham Palace." A New Hebridean tribe that worships Prince Philip sent him a gift of a "penis gourd."



Whitaker: "[In Diana's] very early days as a princess, when she first started carrying out engagements, there was a man in a raincoat who always seemed to be around when she emerged from wherever she had been. He would get very excited whenever he saw the princess and his coat would jump up and down rapidly. On closer inspection I could see what he was doing and it wasn't very nice."

Player: "When it came to sex, [Major Ron] was desperately inexperienced.... We made love that first time entirely without speaking. Ronald had a body that was fit but a little on the flabby side. I couldn't help noticing how thin his legs were.... In terms of sheer physical satisfaction [he] left me stimulated but not gratified.... He was not, I have to say, terribly well endowed. And on that initial occasion there was very little foreplay. Most of it came from me before Ronald heaved himself on top of me, grunting and gasping, for the final furlong.... As we explored each other's bodies, the only drawback I could find was that Steven [Wyatt] was even hairier than Ronald!"



Royal Monikers

Should you ever have occasion to meet a member of the royal family, you can make a good impression by remembering that they prefer to be treated just like ordinary people. Rather than addressing a royal with a stuffy "Your Majesty," try using one of the following nicknames, revealed by the slew of biographies.

Queen Elizabeth II Lilibet (family)

Charles, Prince of Wales Fred (Camilla); the Loony Prince (tabloids); Jug Ears (former Young Ones comedian Rik Mayall); the Porno Prince (*L'Indipendente*, Italy); the Little Tampon or Prince Tampacchino (*La Stampa*, Italy);

the Pommie Bastard (Australian school chums); PoW (Major Ron Ferguson, short for Prince of Wales)

Diana, Princess of Wales Squidgy or Squidge (James Gilbey); Dibbs (James Hewitt); Duchess or Dutch (family and friends since childhood); Brian (her brother, comparing her to an idiot snail on a TV show); Chief Chick (a sign on her bedroom door in the house where she was landlady); Docile Diana (Prince Philip, before he knew her well); the Dope (Princess Anne); the Actress (palace staff)

Andrew, Duke of York Randy Andy (tabloids); the Great I Am (boarding-school mates who found him stuck up); H (the Royal Navy, short for His Royal Highness); the Duke of Yob (tabloids)

Sarah, Duchess of York Fergie (tabloids); Fergie Chops (Andrew); Freebie Fergie

(tabloids, for her eagerness to accept handouts); Fergie the Freeloader (tabloids); Chatterbox (her flying instructor); Princess Dolittle (tabloids); Her Royal Idleness (tabloids); the Redhead (Diana); GB (her father, for Ginger Bush); Duchess of Pork (tabloids)

Anne, the Princess Royal Princess Sourpuss (*The Washington Post*); Her Royal Haughtiness (British tabloids, after she told them to "naff off"); the Caring Princess (tabloids, due to her charity work); Princess Toil (tabloids)

Camilla Parker-Bowles Gladys (Charles); Girl Friday (Charles); the Rottweiler (Diana)

Lord Louis Mountbatten Uncle Dickie (the royal family, reputedly on account of the size of his penis) ☛



PART THE SECOND: REALITY

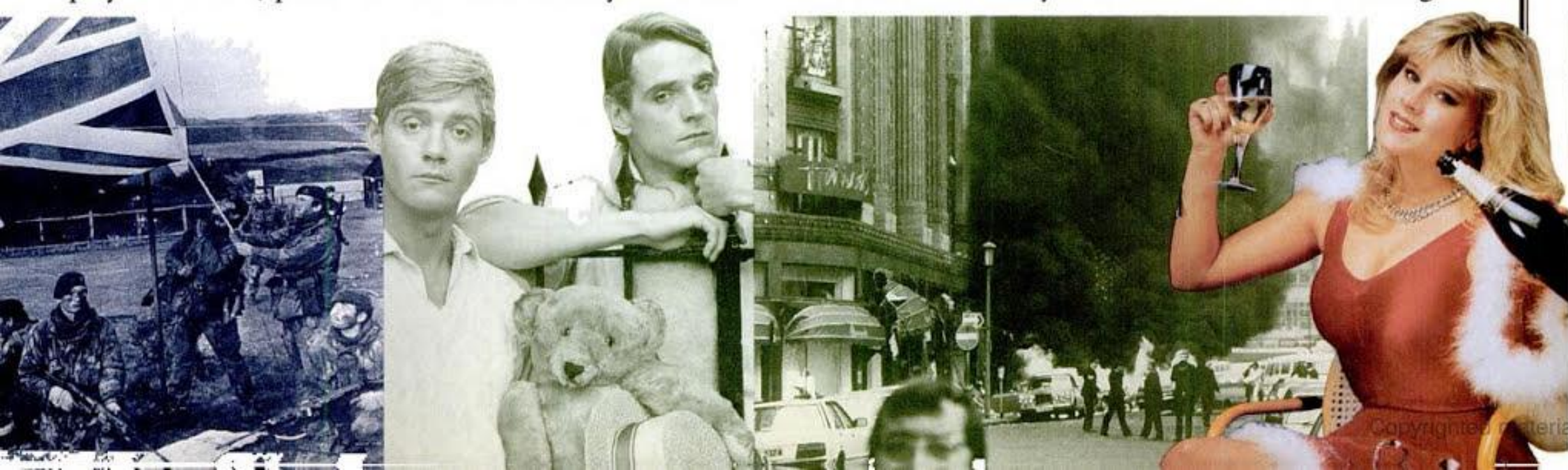
A Day in the Life of Johnny Brit

BY JOE QUEENAN

A STEADY DRIZZLE PATTERS AGAINST THE CRACKED windows of Jonathan Applegate's grotty Hackney bed-sitter as he drags himself out of bed to face another grim morning in Albion. Brewing himself a pot of bland P.G. Tips tea while smearing a sea of parakeet-colored margarine onto a gnarled crust of stale white bread, Jonathan flicks on Capital Radio, where a homegrown talent with the suspiciously non-Commonwealth name of Gabrielle is singing "Dreams." Yanking on his frayed Marks & Sparks underpants—purchased when Ted Heath was still at 10 Downing Street—Jonathan decides to forgo the needless expense of a bath and slips into his brown-and-pewter-checked poly-cotton suit, purchased last Bank Holiday at Mister

Byrite in Stepney Green.

Outside, he awkwardly fits his lanky frame into a baby-blue 1984 Ford Escort with frayed seat belts and a recliner button that hasn't worked since Aston Villa won the F.A. Cup and heads off to his job as assistant manager of a garden-gnome boutique in West Ham. Dreaming of his girlfriend Di Selsley's frayed knickers, which were purchased on special offer at Miss Selfridge, Jonathan glides past the SPURS WANK graffiti on the Merryfair roundabout as Rod Stewart croons "Tonight's the Night" from *Unplugged*. Ten minutes later at the shop, Jonathan forces down a cup of Bovril and settles in for a morning of merchandising, sorting out the details of a special offer on prefab grottoes with a rather shirty Mr. Gordon Bates from Margaux



Close, a row of decrepit council flats near the Isle of Dogs that Margaret Thatcher fobbed off on Old Age Pensioners right after the Falklands War.

After an argument with the shop manager, Mr. Clough, about whether the opening of the Chunnel will be good for the British garden-gnome industry, Jonathan pops off to the local sandwich bar for a nice, leisurely brie-and-bacon sandwich. He rushes back to the shop just in time to get told off by the manager. "Punctuality, not intrepidity, won the Battle of Britain," notes Mr. Clough, who lives in a semidetached in Barking called Alacrity. In the afternoon, Jonathan sells a pair of gnomes to a social-climbing Paki and three imitation-copper living-room ducks to a skinhead wearing royal-blue Doc Martens whose upper arms are covered with tattoos depicting snakes garotting women. His T-shirt reads, I WENT ALL THE WAY TO DUBROVNIK AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS BLOODY T-SHIRT.

After work Jonathan gets back to Hackney just as *Neighbours*, the Australian soap opera that launched the careers of both Minogue sisters, is beginning. He tucks his feet into his durable Cavendish House slippers and slips into a fraying Edinburgh Woolen Mill cardigan. He reads *The Sun* (MONK, 55, WITH A RELIANT ROBIN, STOLE MY BLONDE LOVER, 25) straight through *Coronation Street*, then nips off to the kitchen for a bite. He can't decide between Linda McCartney's *Vegetable Shepherd's Pie* and Marks & Sparks's frozen *Toad-in-the-Hole*. The phone rings; it's Di proposing that they pop out to see the smashing new American hit, *Groundhog Day*, playing in Leicester Square. Jonathan says he'd love to, but he's promised to

pop over and see his mum. Di moans that a man in a moss-hued Cortina backed right into her off-lavender Vauxhall while she was having lunch at the Little Chef on the M5 coming back from Stow-on-the-Wold. "Bloody bastard," says Jonathan, thinking longingly of her frayed knickers.

Turning off the telly, Jonathan pops off to Mum's in Mile End. Mum is watching the cheeky sitcom *Birds of a Feather* with one eye while reading Jilly Cooper's racy *The Man Who Made Husbands Jealous* with the other. She says there's some haddock and half a Cornish pasty in the larder, wrapped in yesterday's *Evening Standard*. Jonathan fibs and says that he had a steak-and-kidney pie on the way over. Dad marches in at 9:06 and says it's time for world-class snooker, so it's off to the pub for a pint. Jonathan stands his dad two pints of Carling Black Label lager, while downing a couple of Ruddles himself. On the telly, two paunchy snooker players in cheese-coloured velour vests are telling Paddy jokes.

After snooker, it's back to the bed-sitter in Hackney. Turning into Poulton Close, he flirts with the idea of an onion bhaji from the Jewel in the Crown but thinks better of it, electing to set aside the 70p to partially underwrite a weekend in Weston-Super-Mare at Christmastime. The Plantagenet Arms Hotel is offering free brekky and complimentary pantomime for 12 quid (based on double occupancy), and as Jonathan climbs into bed it gives him something to dream about, other than, of course, Di's frayed Miss Selfridge knickers, purchased last Bank Holiday, on special offer, in Dorking. ☽

THIS SEPTIC ISLE, THIS ENGLAND	PERCEPTION	REALITY
	Masterpiece Theatre Elegant Agatha Christie- and P. D. James-style murders Classic rock, e.g., David Bowie, the Clash, et al. Lovable cockneys Ascot West End Saville Row The Roast Beef of Olde England Earl Grey tea The Dreaming Spires of Oxford Anne Hathaway-style Olde English villages Warm beer Leisurely games of cricket	Noel Edmonds's Telly Addicts The Horse Ripper of Hampshire, who cuts the genitalia off horses Top of the Pops Lager louts and boover boys Dagenham greyhound racing East End BHS (British Home Stores) Take-out chicken curry Unidentifiable BritRail swill Leeds University Milton Keynes Warm Coke Televised games of American football ☽

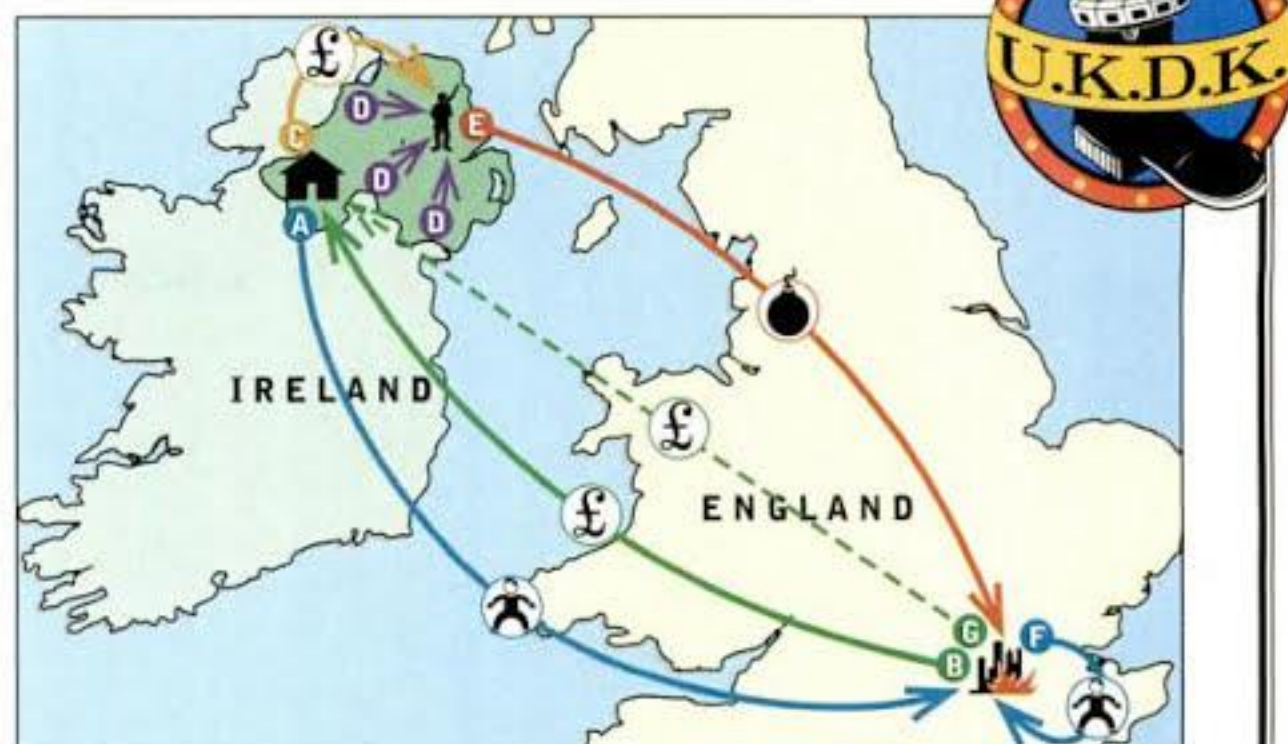


How Do the English Survive?

ASK ANY SEASONED TRAVELER TO IDENTIFY THE things that can be purchased in England that would cost more in the United States and he will immediately respond, "A second-class British Rail ticket from Cardiff to Aberdeen, and certain types of scones." Obviously, gasoline, jewelry, electrical appliances, liquor, tobacco and entertainment are far more expensive in the U.K. than in the U.S., but the most staggering jolt to the first-time U.K. visitor is that things like chicken breasts and compact discs cost the same in pounds as in dollars. Americans earn far more than their English counterparts (\$21,449 vs. \$15,720 per capita income), so the obvious question presents itself: How do the English survive?

To answer this question, we must examine the intricate tapestry of meteorological dreariness, Silas Marnerian stinginess, Uriah Heepian creepiness and Ron Woodian slovenliness that coalesce to make Great Britain. From its Druidic origins, England's has always been a society where it is pointless to buy expensive clothing, because the incessant rain ruins everything. Doomed to wearing morbid checks and parallelogramic plaids that artfully conceal mud stains, and forced to stay indoors more than 70 percent of their waking lives (slipper sales there outpace shoe sales 3-1), English people need to replace their wardrobes only once every 13.4 years. As a result, they spend 11.8 percent less on clothing than Americans.

English haberdashery, shortly after being purchased, falls into an advanced state of functional desuetude, a paradoxical condition in which it is still serviceable enough to wear but not worth dry-cleaning, because the perennial dampness makes it lose its shape and cut and become fungoid. Americans spend upwards of 5 percent of their GNP on dry cleaning, hemming, ironing, shoe repair and hat blocking; Britons spend only 0.02 percent of their GNP on such services. At last toll, there were only 167 dry



CARRY ON IRELAND HOW THE IRISH SURVIVE

- A. Liam moves to London and takes well-paying job in the building trades.
- B. Liam sends part of wages to dear old Mum in Ireland.
- C. Dear old Mum gives part of

- Liam's money to IRA.
- D. IRA collects money from many dear old mums and buys explosives.
- E. IRA blows up building in London.
- F. Liam gets well-paying job rebuilding London building bombed by IRA.
- G. Liam sends part of wages back to dear old Mum in Ireland....

cleaners in all of the U.K.—none at all in Liverpool or Glasgow.

Of course, the linchpin of the British economic system is an enthusiastic policy of national slovenliness. English people gave up on the idea of daily bathing right after the invention of trousers in 1141, reasoning that there was no point because you simply had to put on the same damp, dirty clothing in the morning, and no one was going to notice if you were clean or dirty underneath. Companies like Caswell-Massey and Yardley have grown to gargantuan sizes precisely because they manufacture strong-smelling soaps whose potent bouquets camouflage the fact that the person exuding them last bathed on Boxing Day. (It's worth noting that the famous public baths at Bath were built by and for the Romans, and that the English turned them into museums as soon as the Roman legions left.)

With this data in hand, it is possible to see Britain for what it is: a run-down, smelly society that makes vast economies on personal hygiene to free up cash for food, lodging and glossy magazines about caning naughty schoolgirls. In short, the English are not pasty-faced, meanspirited, unfriendly, because they are stingy, badly dressed, anal-retentive, unadventurous, unimaginative people who want to be, but rather because it's the only way they can survive.—Joe Queenan



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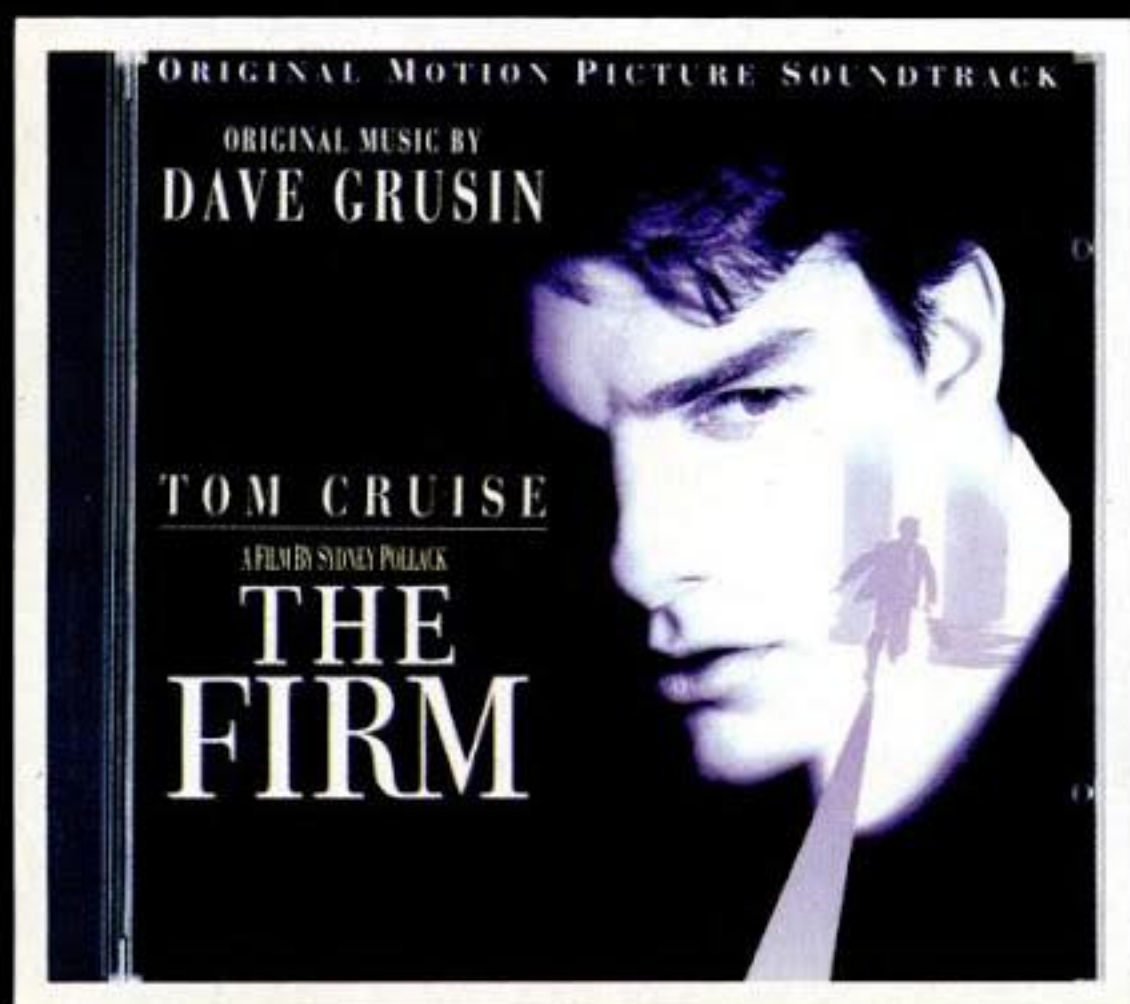
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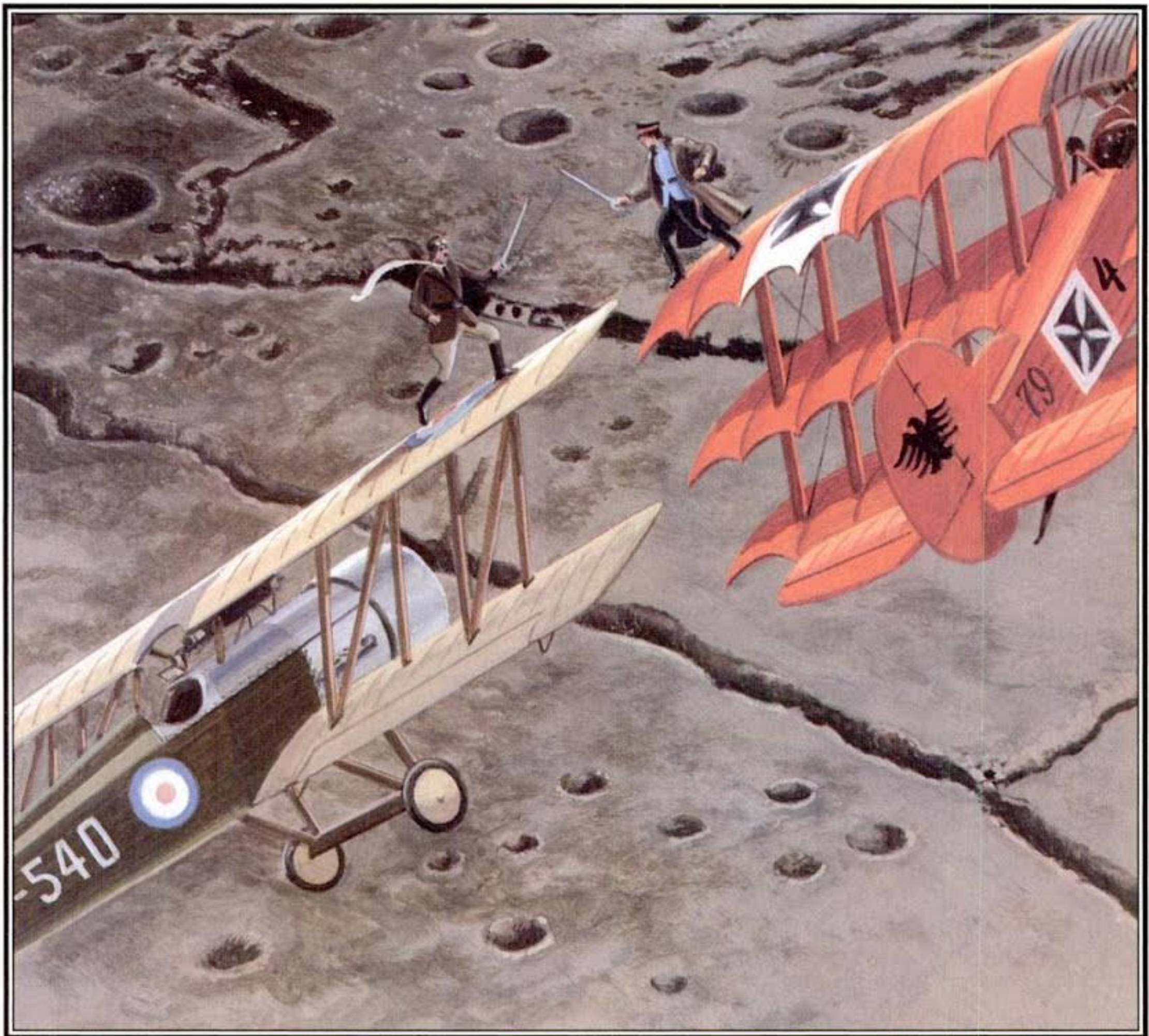
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THE GREAT WAR NOT A MISTAKE

37 MILLION CASUALTIES SHOULD HAVE MINDED THEIR HEADS

THE BRITISH VIEW



ARMAGEDDON BELOW, CHIVALRY ABOVE: The Great War's great lesson—that manners and fair play matter, even when fellows may quite strenuously disagree—is here distilled into a single and singular vision.

Royal Flying Corps ace Captain Albert Ball and Germany's Baron Manfred von Richthofen draw their sabres to settle things like gentlemen in another deadly-yet-sporting encounter over Flanders in 1916.

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE MCCALL

VIGNETTES OF VALOR & VAINGLORY

THE GREAT WAR wreaked havoc on the Home Front.

Not only the crash of bombs and the thunder of cannon across the Channel could be clearly heard in London, but also the howling expletives of many a British Expeditionary Force Sergeant Major. That generation of British children who grew up in the 1914–18 period would acquire a lamentably precocious vocabulary of profanity—nay, obscenity—as the direct consequence.

Yet lest we forget, the Great War gave rise to the tableau inspiring, the act heroic, the sacrifice ultimate in a thousand million ways and places—tableaux, acts, sacrifices that would otherwise have vainly awaited their cue forever in the wings of History's vast stage.

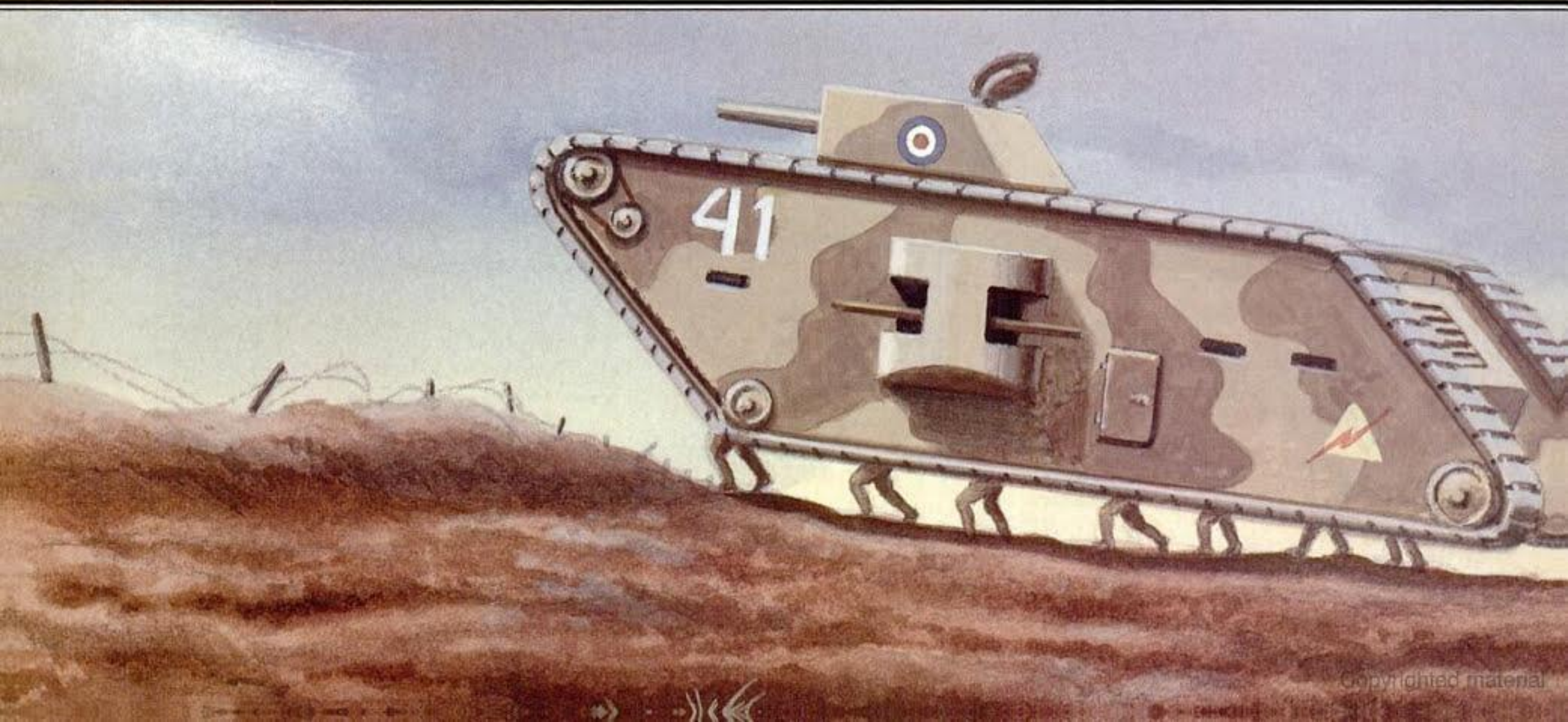
Give a cheer, then, for such splendid acts as these:

- At the mighty Battle of Jutland in 1916, the British fleet demoralises Germany's High Seas Fleet by skillfully letting 23 of its ships sink directly on top of enemy vessels, pinning them to the ocean floor and rendering any hope of refloating impossible.

- Field Marshal Kitchener, Field Marshal Haig, General Rawlinson and the entire Army general staff commandeer châteaux many miles behind the fighting front, beyond the range of the Germans' most powerful guns, and conduct the war via messenger from

Presigned death certificates streamlined Army paperwork. Next of kin often heard of their soldier boy's demise hours before his actual propulsion into the Hereafter.

Tommies of the 8th Grimsditch Pals haul a papier-mâché tank into the German lines. Forgetting orders to make tank noises, the Pals sang



there—denying the Boche any hope of knocking out the British military's brain trust; prolonging the War; giving legions of runners four years of healthy exercise that will stand them in excellent stead for enduring postwar unemployment lines.

- Shell-shocked Tommies are invalided home to England and there loudly denounced to be slackers and cowards—lifting civilian morale by saving millions of pounds otherwise wasted on elaborate mental-health treatment. The charity rolls are further economised when such “nerve cases” commit suicide, conclusively proving themselves quitters.

- German gas attacks along the Western Front kill or disable thousands of Allied soldiers. The British counter with gas attacks of their own; but whereas the German formula pungently stinks of mustard, the British carries a sweetish quality, tasting of mild chamomile.

- At Gallipoli, in the eastern Mediterranean, a brave foray against entrenched Turkish opposition goes rather awry, and some 200,000 Allied soldiers perish. Happily, many of the casualties are not British at all, merely Australians and New Zealanders.

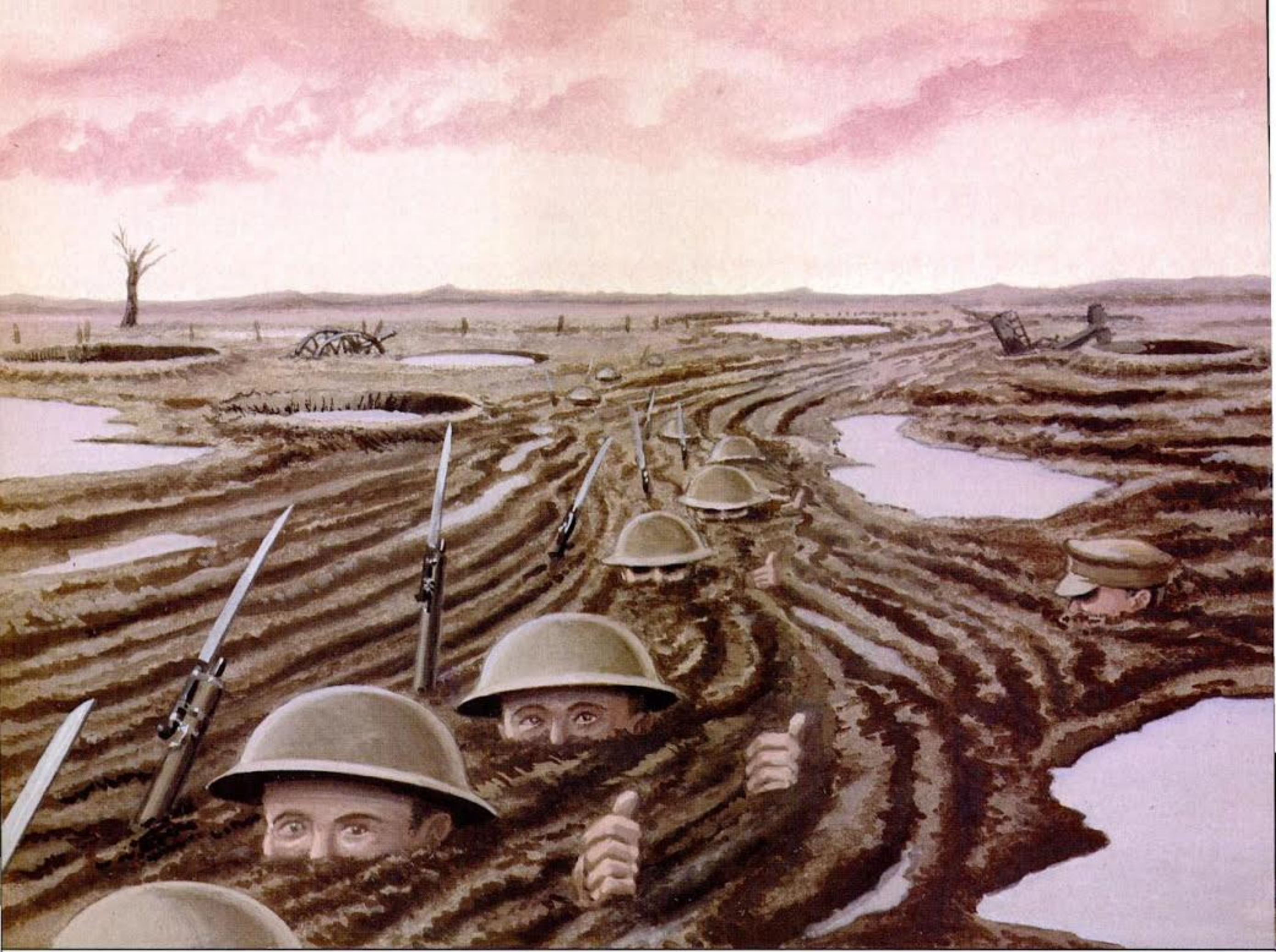
- The War turns vast sections of remote and impoverished northeastern France into a carnage-strewn wasteland—and a tourist mecca—for decades afterward, generating revenues in tea shoppes and postcard kiosks that would have never materialised had peace continued. It is estimated that the Great War in this way put more than sixpence into the pocket of every French man, woman and child over the next 30 years.



During one of numerous occasions when soldiers of both sides laid down their arms and fraternised, an unidentified English officer chats with a forgotten German corporal.

patriotic songs. Their spirited rendition of “Keep the Home Fires Burning” proved a literally dead giveaway to Hun machine gunners.





It's "thumbs up for Victory" as infantrymen of the 5th Northumbrian Lads move up the line toward the Third Battle of Ypres, 1917, and yet another gallant fiasco.

The War to End All Wars officially ended at 11:00 a.m. on the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918—a brilliant flurry of elevens whose significance, if any, has continued to challenge historians, scholars and numerologists ever since.

The economic and social disruptions that followed the Armistice would roil the affairs of Europe for the next 21 years, and indeed would be suspended only by the outbreak of the next Great War in 1939.

It is a wondrous thing to ponder, that the English lad born in the same year the Great War ended would reach the fighting age of 21 in the same year the next war began—affording scores of thousands of the succeeding generation the same chance to suffer and die, like their fathers before them, in their very prime.



Auspicious beginnings are a lot more common than inspired endings. So make sure that your next night on the town finishes as well as it starts. Follow your dinner with

Candolini Grappa Ruta from Italy. To the long, eloquent sentence of a meal, it provides the necessary punctuation. As the ancient Romans used to say, "the end crowns the work."

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

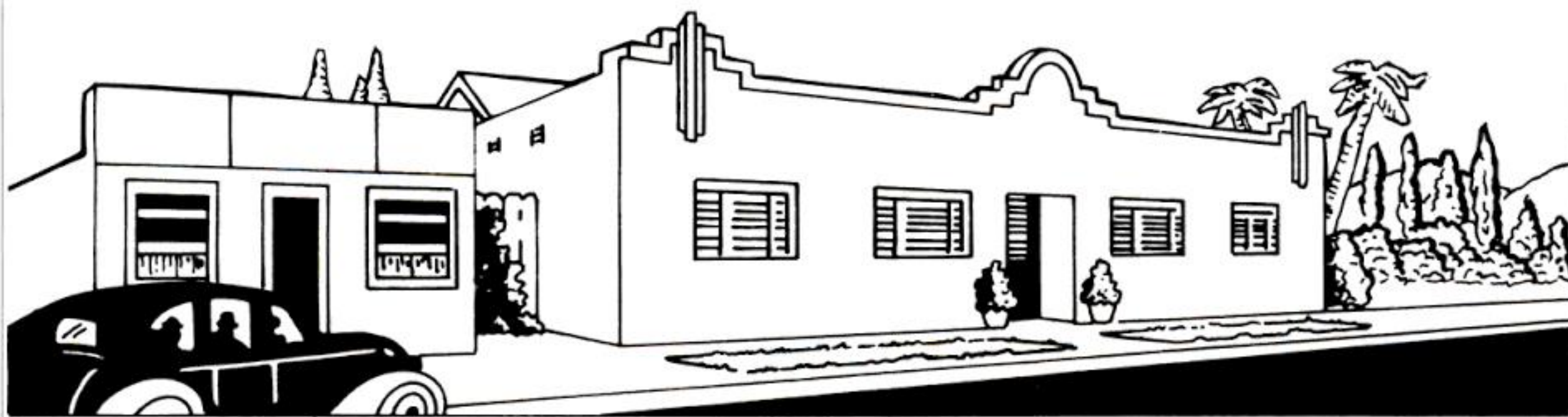


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MY COMMENT



THOSE TERRIFIC TWOS

A FEW years ago a friend of mine travelling in Gloucestershire came upon an abandoned fourteenth-century church. It was in terrible disrepair, but beneath the caved-in roof and wormy timbers, she saw a lot of charm. And that "spiffing it up" would take an enormous amount of money.

But what my friend also knew was that a new motorway was about to be built nearby. So she bought the church and churchyard, plunging millions into restoring it, its chapel and rectory, and its beautiful lych-gate. Today that lych-gate is the entrance to one of the most elegant minimalls in Britain: a bustle of vibrant commerce and antique stores, high-fashion boutiques, a rare-books-and-prints shop, a Laura Ashley, and the usual complement of delicious places to gain weight. The church itself has been turned into a two-star restaurant.

I thought of my friend often when I took over this venerable publication two years ago.

My formula was and is, "In olden days a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking; now, heaven knows, anything goes!" Who can forget "Lesbian Dogs of Lesbian Lovers," by Bob Colacello, or Chris Buckley's stinging satires? Or Chris Hitchens rating the top ski gear of 1994, or Charles Windsor on the architecture of "Melrose Place"? Or death, the third-least-favorite biological function of the

old New Yorker; over the past two years we've referred to, revealed, or rehashed seven thousand—some, each representing a life that once had meaning to someone, somewhere.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose? Hardly.

We've received plenty of kudos—and ruffled many a dusty feather in presenting work from the master pens of Barbara Cartland, Len Deighton, Clive Barker, Susan Howatch, and Jeffrey Archer. Some object to my paying ten or even fifteen dollars a word. Rubbish! Say it's possible to acquire fourteen words of a haiku by James Clavell and I pay one hundred thousand dollars for the privilege. What's ninety-one hundred dollars a word? Two words—James and Clavell—are worth ten times that.

Some say ads are down. Rubbish. Ads aren't down, editorial pages are up. Some say we lost twenty-five million dollars last year. Rubbish! Some call me a taste tyrant, *un ami de cour*, a fawnographer—Condé-nasty, British and short. Utter rubbish. From journalists who don't deserve to work in this town, and won't.

Late nights, as the magazine drifts off to bed, I often imagine I can see Thurber, Benchley, White, Gibbs, Parker, and the fat one with the German name I can never remember watching me. As they stand there, staring wordlessly, a warm glow suffuses my heart. I know that could they speak, were they not all dead, they would say with trust, and mutual respect, *Vive la différence!* —TB

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"That couch and _____ have been with me since the Reagan Revolution." (Koren, full-page, two women in living area)

_____ before and after the Eyebrow Club for Men (Ziegler, 3" x 4", two panels)

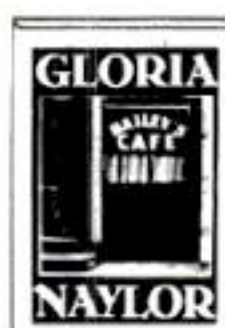
"Hey, toots! I might be _____ or I might be Bob Dole. You won't know until you kiss me." (Mankoff, 3" x 3", woman and frog)

"Hi, my name is _____. I'm a Wiffenpoof—strictly musically speaking, that is." (Hamilton, 4" x 3", man and woman with drinks)

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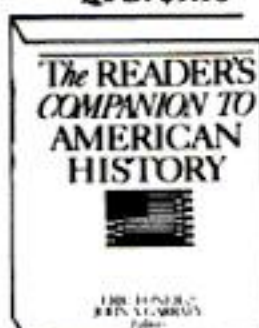
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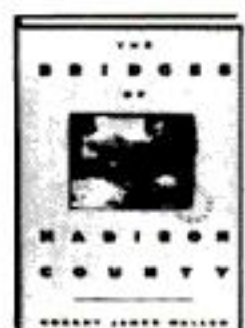
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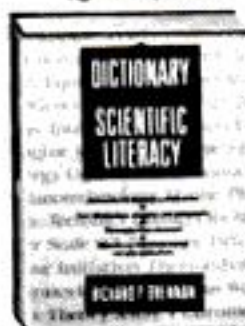
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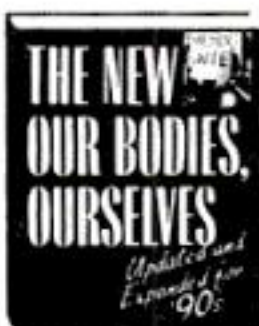
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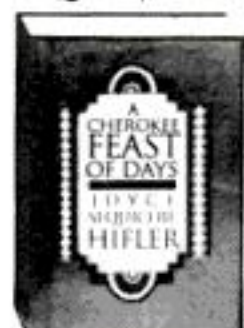
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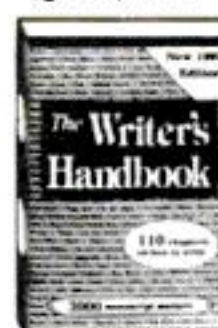
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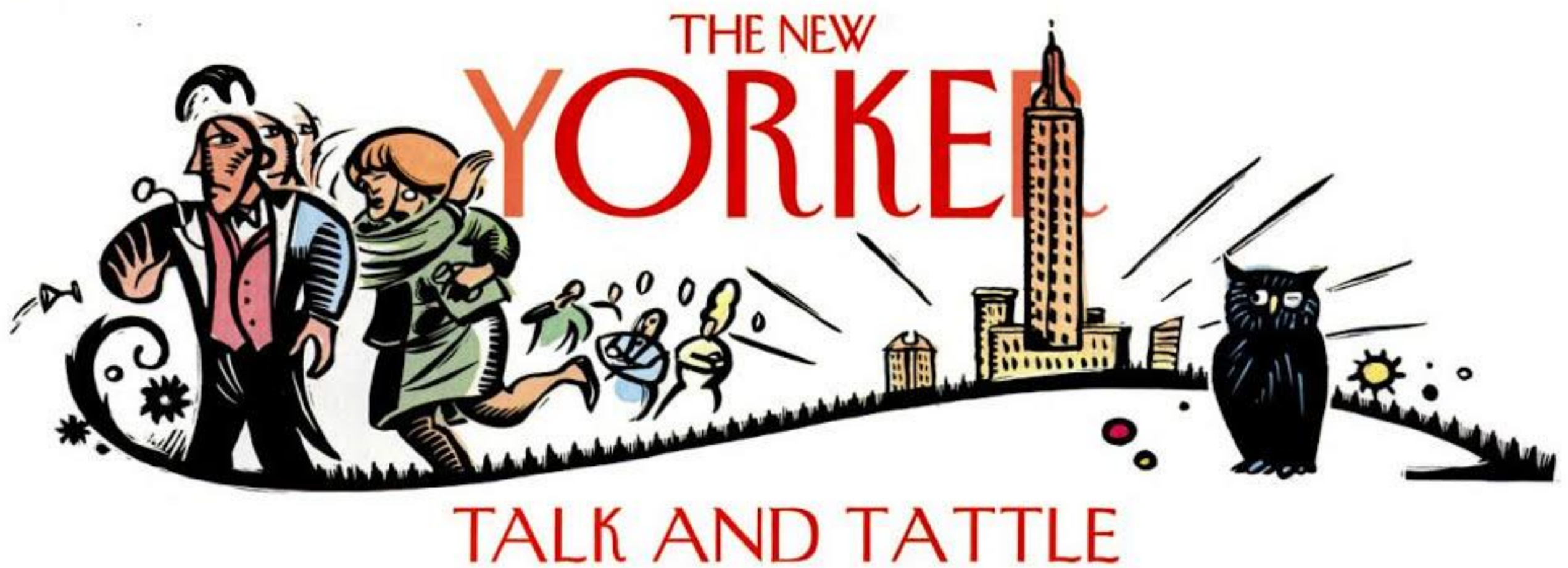
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HEART OF DARKNESS

NEW TALK AND TATTLE EDITOR AUBERON WAUGH RECENTLY VISITED THE SOUTH BRONX IN SEARCH OF AN INEXPENSIVE NEW YORK FLAT. HERE'S HIS REPORT.

TOILING up the sclerotic artery of what New Yorkers call the Upper West Side, in a Number Three train, it's difficult not to think of slavery. This is a railway, after all, it is underground, and it is headed north. More to the point, the carriage is stuffed to the gills with resentful, sweaty blackamoors, a sea of

murky humanity in which your correspondent's well-chiselled features stand out like a bon mot in one of John Major's wretched orations.

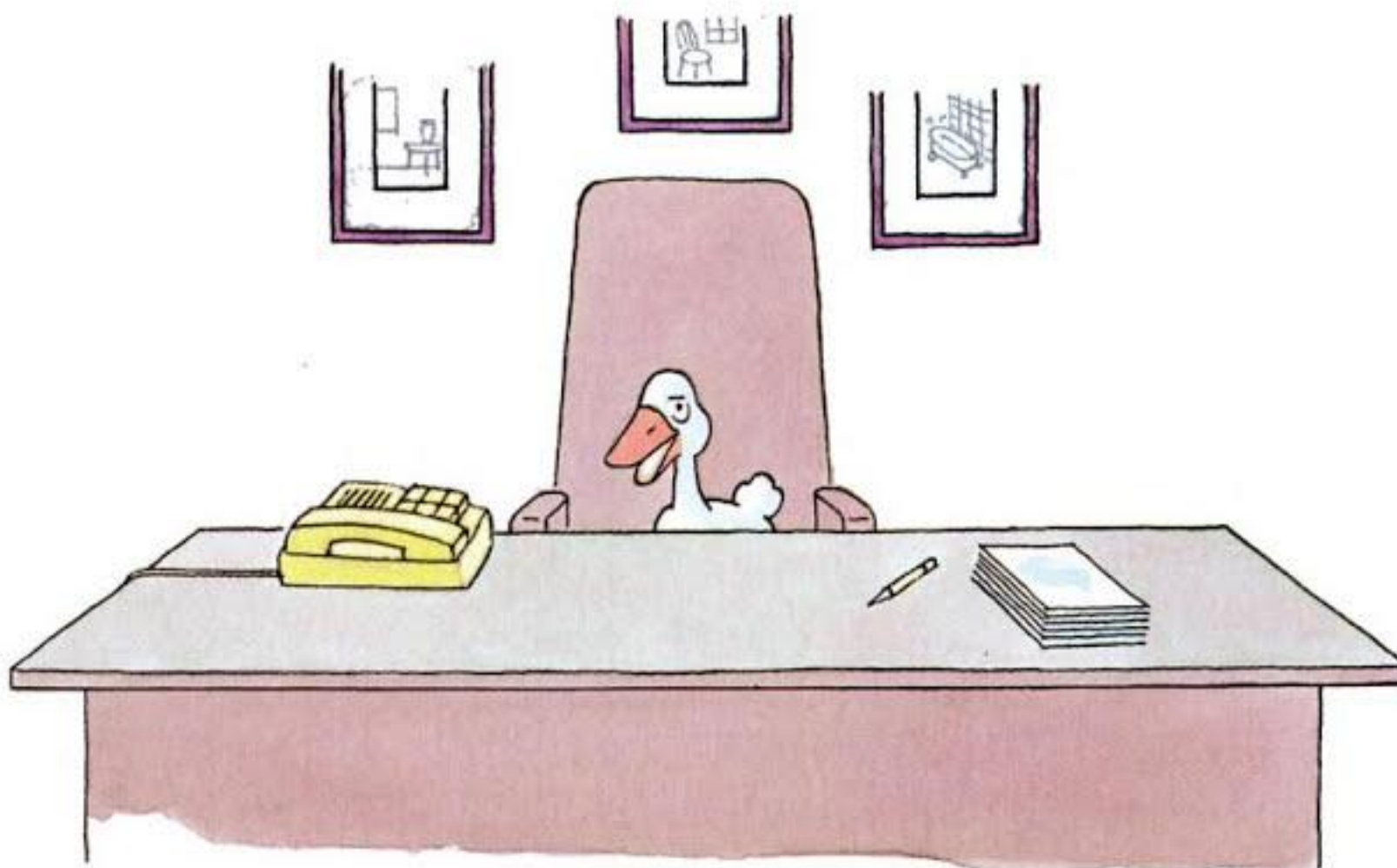
On previous visits to New York I have never strayed much beyond the East Seventies, Mortimer's, and a couple of lesser local hostelries where the happy-hour hors d'oeuvres are lavish. I've always assumed that "the West Side" was a heavy-handed attempt at wit referring to the American mainland, of which I am reliably informed Manhattan is not a part. A surprise, then, to find myself trundling not through Pennsylvania or Ohio but a place far more closely resembling

the outskirts of Lagos.

One's first taste of the South Bronx is arresting. You emerge from the tube station—picking your way through a rich mulch of decomposing offal, polystyrene containers, and corpses—to the staccato chatter of gunfire. (This soon fades to the level of mere annoyance—not unlike the revolting music modern man insists on piping into banks, airports, and lifts.) You urge aside the dusky throng with your trusty blackthorn. You make for the nearest broad thoroughfare, long experience having taught you that the wider the street, the more respectable the drinking establishments. But here a revelation may await you.

You may find yourself, as I did, flabbergasted. A distinctly downtrodden parish, this South Bronx. Bemused citizens litter the pavements in various stages of inebriation. Young women press their charms upon you for paltry sums. Young men, heavily armed, pursue one another from one bombed-out building to the next. The flies, the beggars, the squalor, the unrelenting sea of black faces—you half expect the rhythmic throb of jungle drums in the distance. Sure enough, around the next corner a wizened tramp squats over a conga drum, pounding out some long-forgotten message to his ancestors. Hard by, two monstrously fat mamas and their offspring warm themselves beside a pile of burning bathroom cabinets ripped from the adjacent block of abandoned flats.

A bonfire of the vanities indeed.



"Ms. Nancy Cohen, get me Marky Mark on the phone."

THE DAILY MAILER

NORMAN MAILER REPORTS THAT HE PUTS HIS PANTS ON THE USUAL WAY, BUT IT MUST BE A SIGHT TO SEE. HE TURNS THE MOST ROUTINE TASK, EVEN READING THE DAILY NEWSPAPER, INTO ART.

MAILER had always made his way to the fatal epicenter of any intellectual calamity. It was his contention that it was preferable to perish as a lout in harm's way than as a hero at a safe and seedy distance. Better, Mailer thought, to die a turkey in an oven than an eagle in a dive.

Mailer had read perhaps three hundred thousand newspapers. He had sired a paper once, *The Village Voice* (since his departure more *organ* than organ), written for dozens of others, been reviewed, interviewed, attacked, defended, psychoanalyzed, felched, and rolfed in a thousand more. He had made love on a newspaper once, *The Boston Globe*, both to cushion impact and to absorb menstrual stains. And stains there were, a synchronistic confluence of the monthly and daily, black and white and red all over indeed. But that, Mailer thought, was another story.

Now it was morning and time again to capture and wrestle, with a degree of pleasure and a degree of pain, that gray old Bitch/Mother/Megaera/Tisiphone/Alecto/Old Wife/Sow/Goddess—*The New York Times*.

What better exploratory surgery, Mailer thought, of the crippled Zeitgeist than an aesthetic gambol through the noxious melliflence of that omni-graphic labyrinth, perishable and redolent with funk.

Mailer started reading at the beginning. The title: *The New York Times*. The location: New York. The day: Thursday. The price: seventy-five cents. The volume designated in Roman, the edition numbered in Arabic. The motto: "All the News That's Fit to Print." The edition: Late. Mailer read only a précis of the weather, enjoying the painful/sweet delay before details on page C16.

Mailer read a headline about leading economic indicators and a subhead on the same subject. He read some more headlines. Mailer flipped to A2 and



"I just got a two-picture deal at Warners!"

read a news summary. He read some jumps from page A1 and about a roll-call vote in the House. At the end of the A section he read the Editorial page (A18) and the Op-Ed page (A19).

Next Mailer read The Metro Section, including SportsThursday and the Metro Digest (New York City/Region/Pulse). He also looked at City, New York State, Chronicle, Dave Anderson, SportsPeople, the box scores, and some ads for cars.

Mailer turned to the C section, and was not oblivious to the surgical entendre of its title. Its theme, Thursdays, was Home, and it had columns like At Home With, Where to Find It, Currents, and Garden Q.&A. Mailer skipped them. He glanced at the film and music reviews, Books of The Times, Radio Highlights, Bridge, and the television listings—that beast inescapable, even here.

Business Day (D section) had Business Digest; Economic Scene; Company News; Market Indicators; NASDAQ, NYSE, and American Stock Exchange issues; The Dow Minute-by-Minute; mutual funds; and stock options. Mailer looked at them. The promise of the penultimate Options on Futures was

belied by a coda of obituaries.

There, Mailer thought, five hundred words. Cut my check.

A DEAD FRIEND WRITES

JAMES THURBER WAS A LONGTIME CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS MAGAZINE, WHERE HE WROTE SEVERAL OF HIS MOST FAMOUS PIECES. LONG AFTER THE PUBLISHING PHASE OF HIS CAREER HAD EFFECTIVELY ENDED, HE CONTINUED TO CORRESPOND WITH US. THE FOLLOWING, TAKEN FROM OUR ARCHIVES, IS HIS LAST KNOWN LETTER.

West Cornwall, Connecticut
July 13, 1961

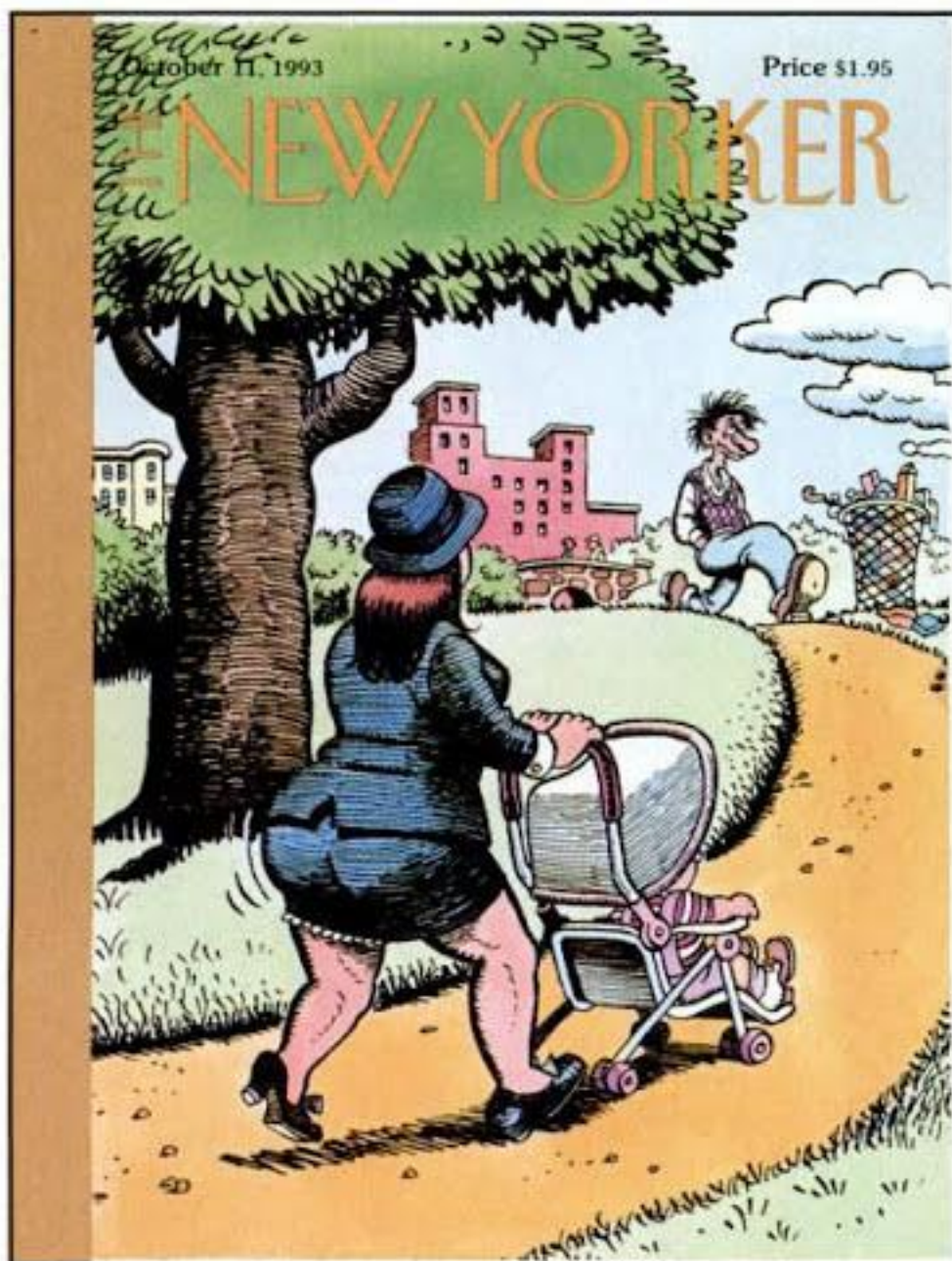
DEAR ANDY AND KATHERINE,

Helen read me the note a dozen times, and, although her voice is cracked and old, it became clear: The magazine had rejected yet another of my casuals. This would never have happened in Ross's day, and either you two have no pull up there, which would make you weaklings, no taste, or no sympathy for a good woman (Helen) spending her last decent earthly breaths.

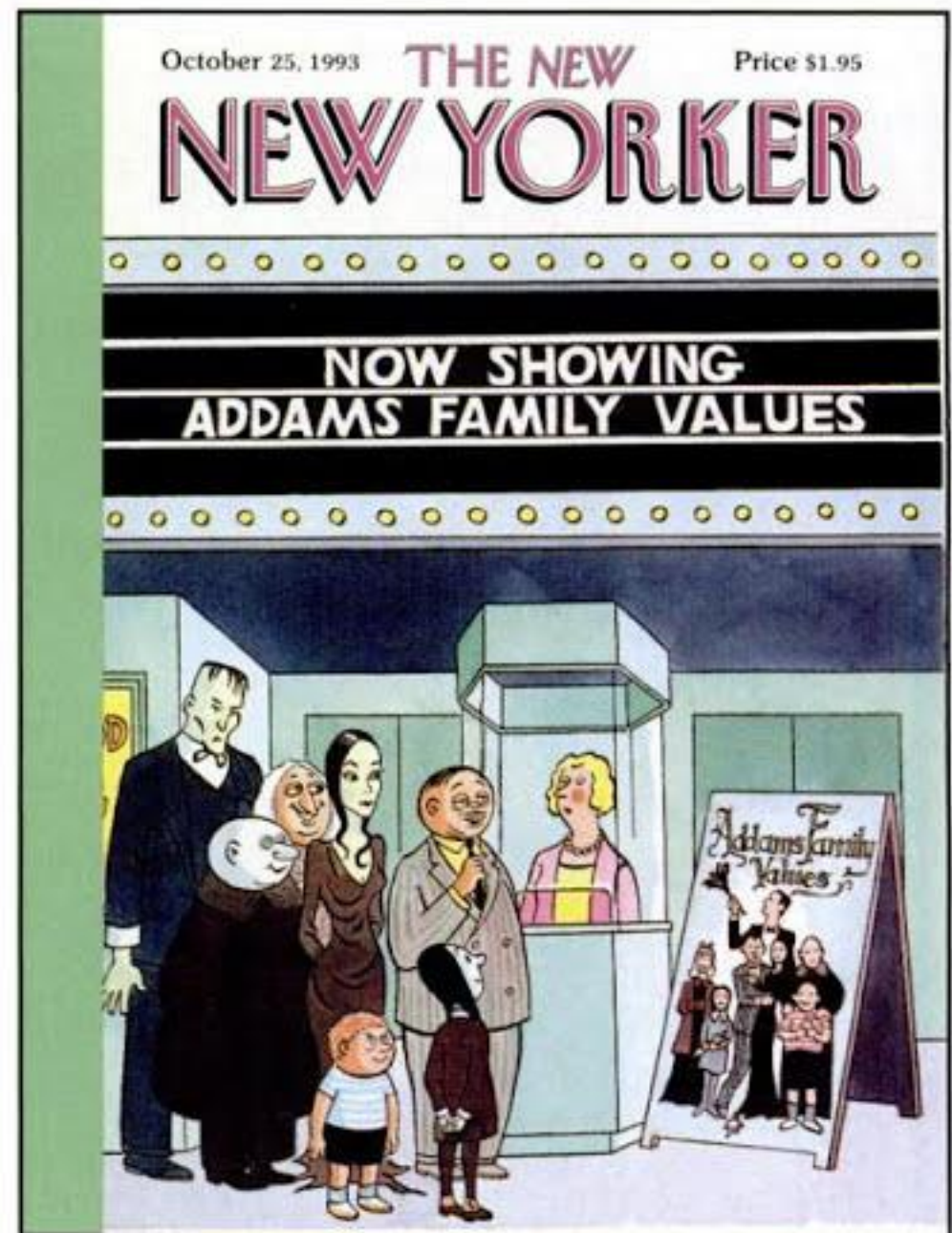
It seems that the magazine has become a last refuge of nepotists, sycophants, flounders, Reds, and the sort of people who worked hand in glove with the Romans in killing You-Know-Who. But why listen to me? I am old. Most of the people I cared for have shuffled from this coil. My only gift is words, and if I find my silence sooner than later, so be it. Silence unto silence. I hope this pains you as

Please turn the page

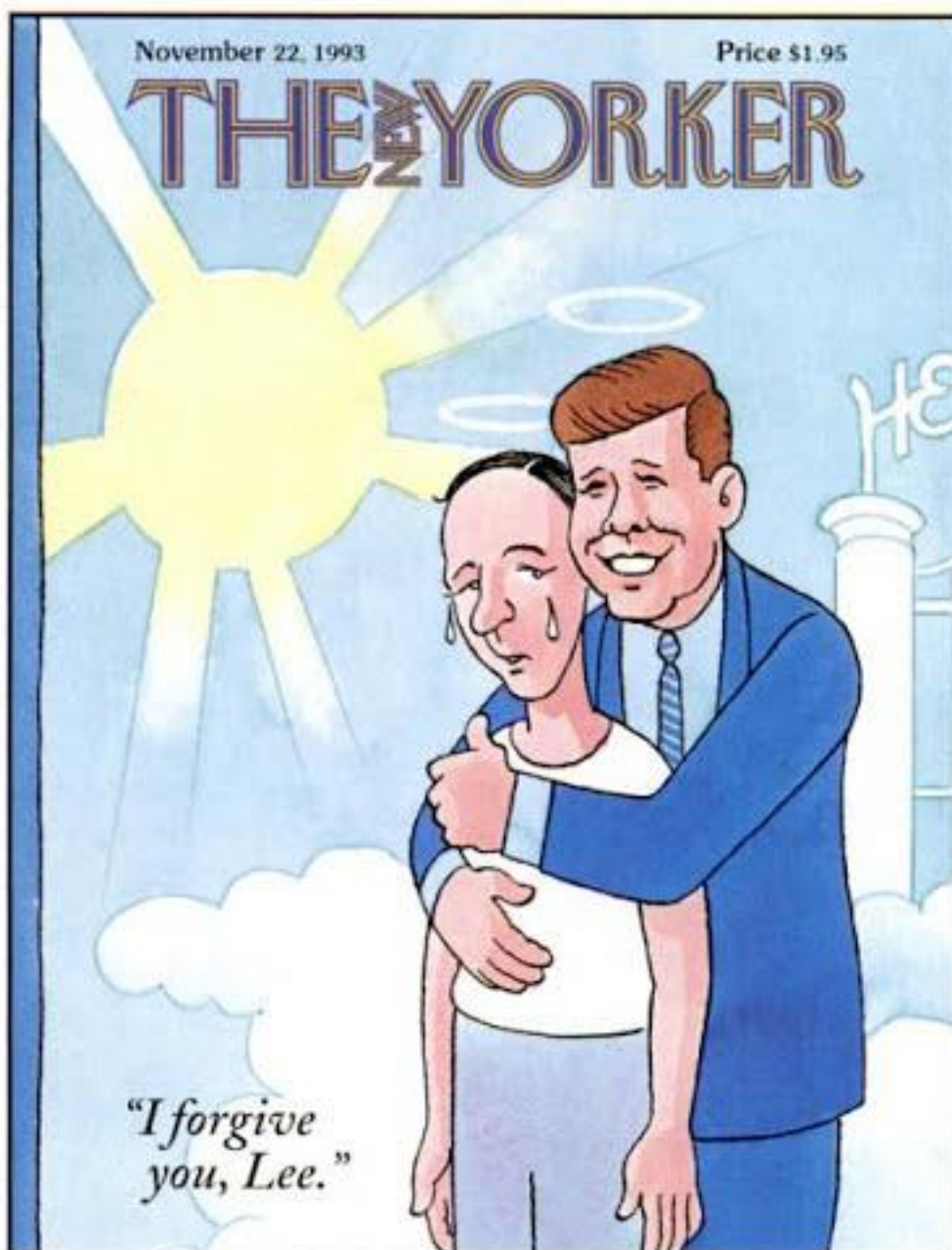
YEAR TWO AT THE NEW YORKER



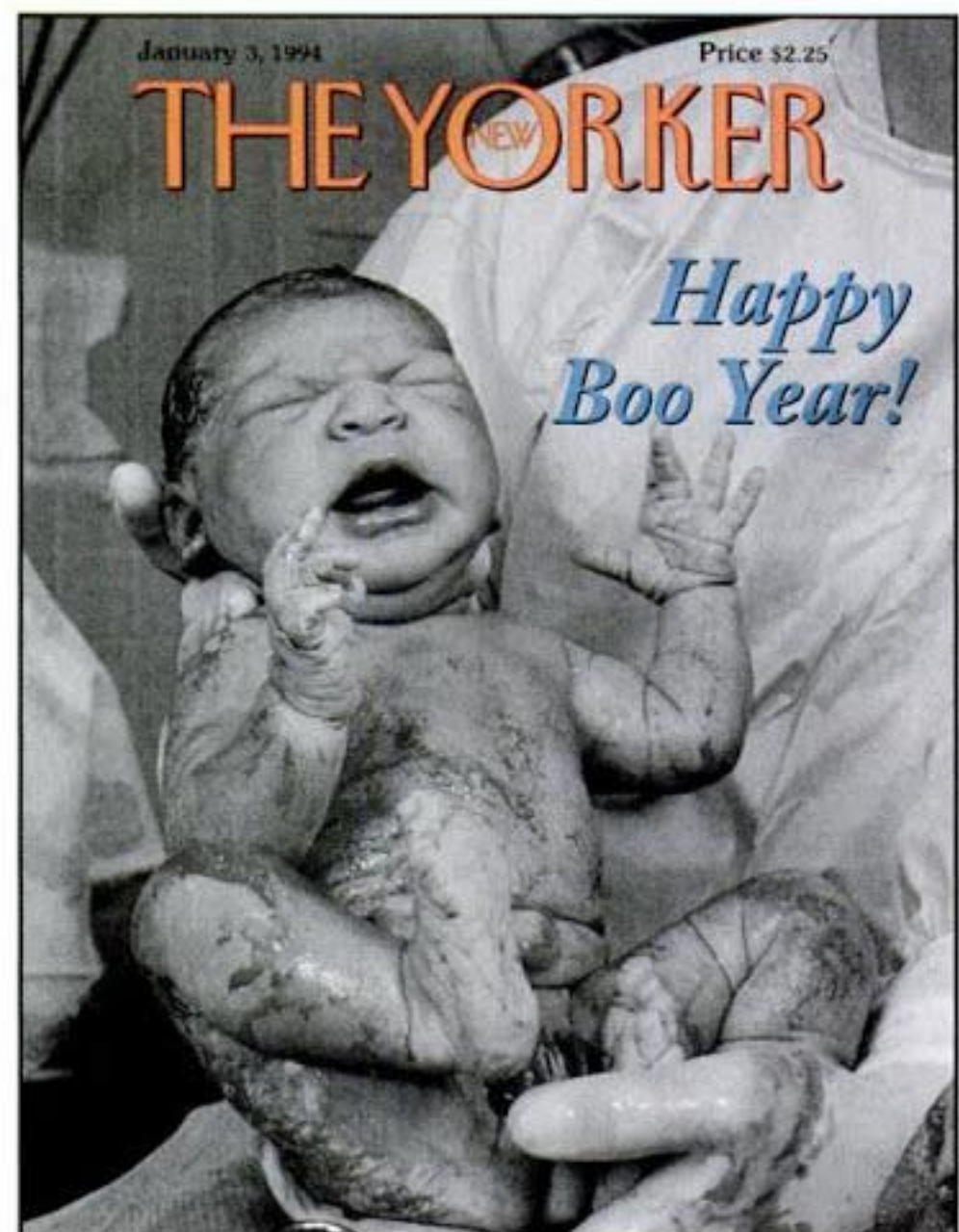
Our continuing commitment to cutting-edge artists is evident in this fall pastoral, titled simply "Unpublished Zap #6."



The New Yorker's contributions to the popular culture have been too long overlooked, an omission in part rectified in this popular cross-promotion.

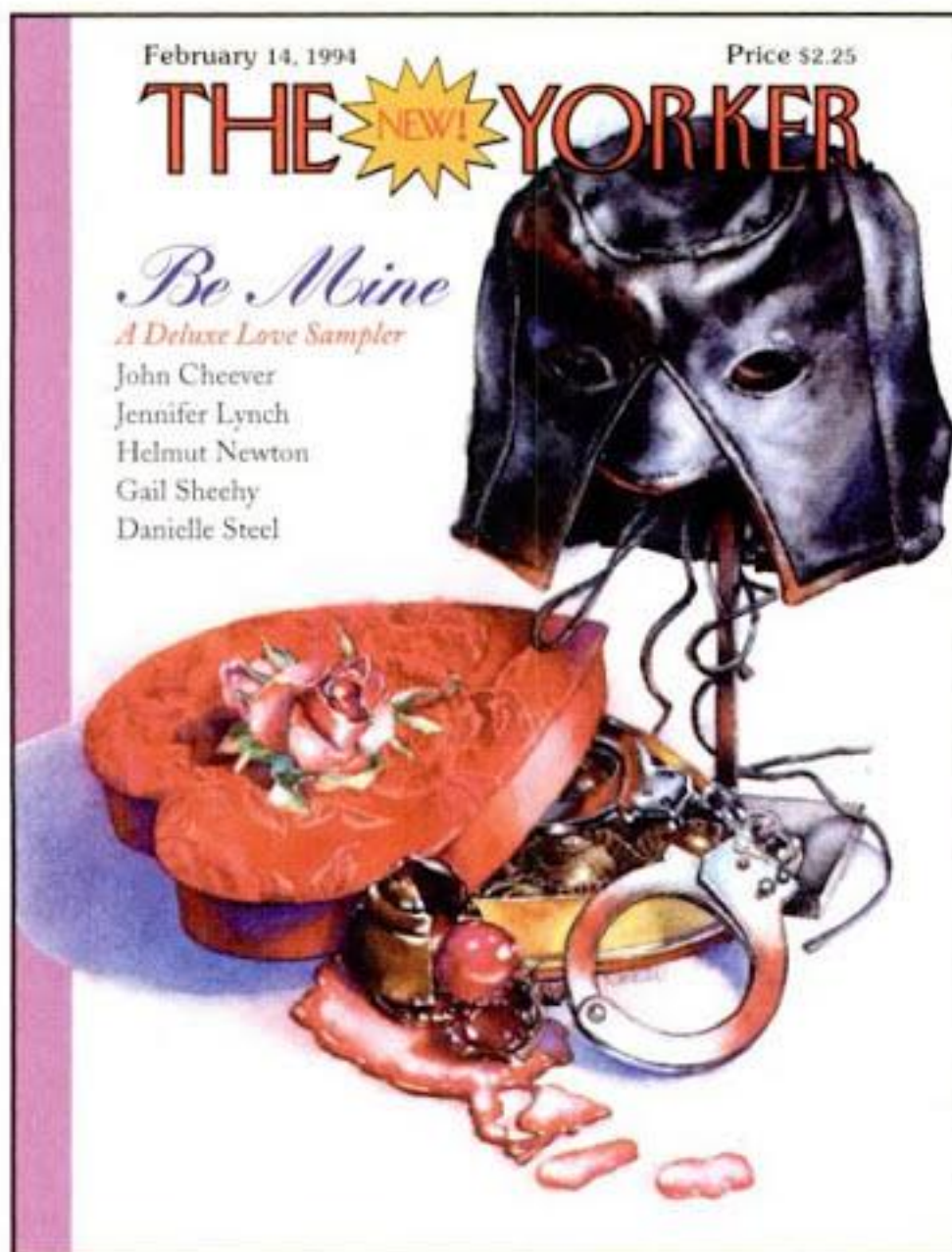


Art Spiegelman, our in-house artiste terrible, struck a chord with many readers with this provocative image, "A Time for Healing."

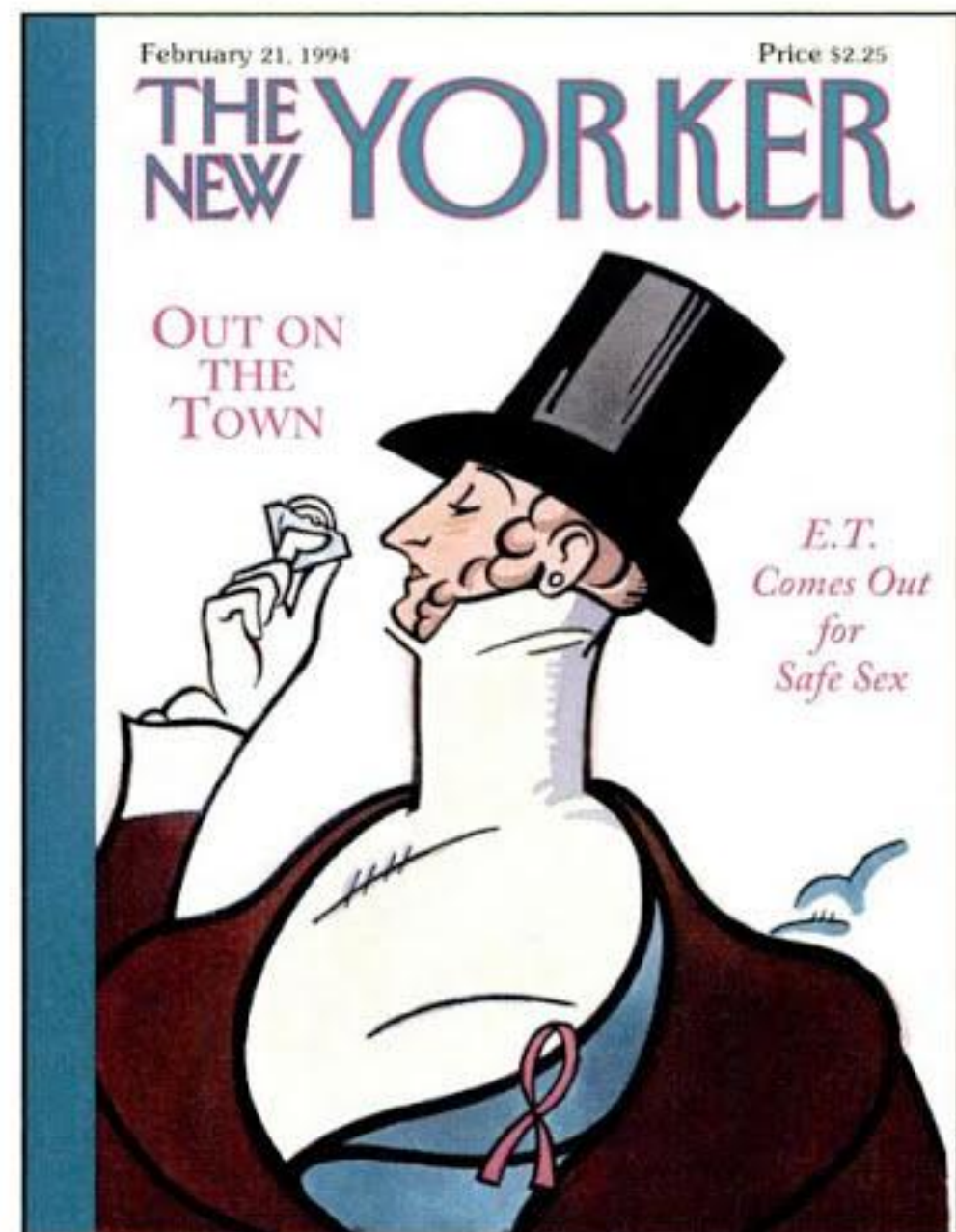


Boo Radley Moore-Willis was the first baby of 1994, but barely. Between inducing labor at the last minute and problems with the studio lights....

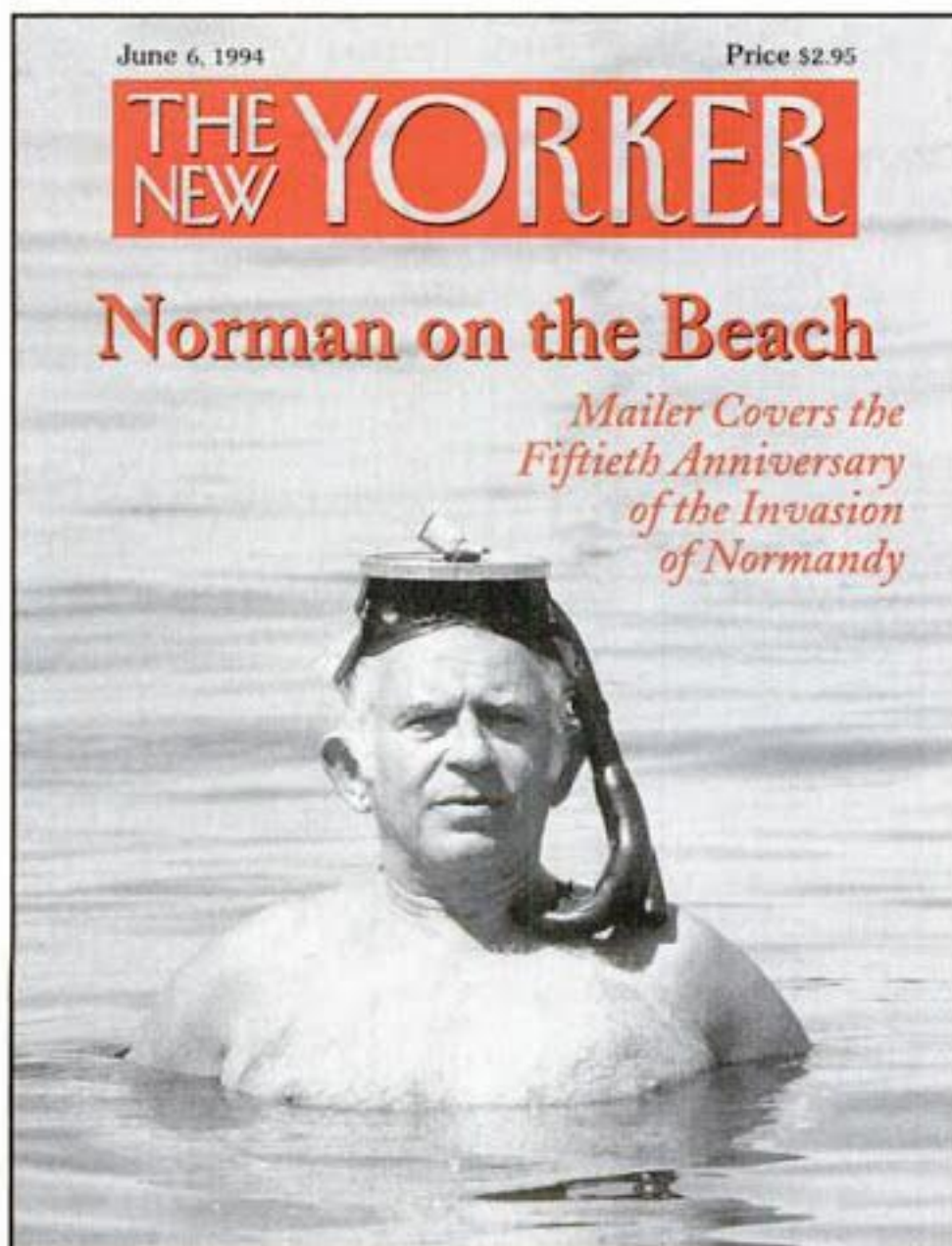
New Yorker covers, like the pages of a calendar in an old movie, fly by—so fleetingly it is sometimes easy to forget that each is a moment in time, crystallized as a work of art. These eight images from the past year represent neither our best (which certainly would have included those by Christo, Peter Max, and Ron Galella) nor our most outrageous (the Avedon of Mike Tyson with Joyce Carol Oates, the much-talked-about Christy Turlington on the potty, et al.). These covers, rather, are simply the most.



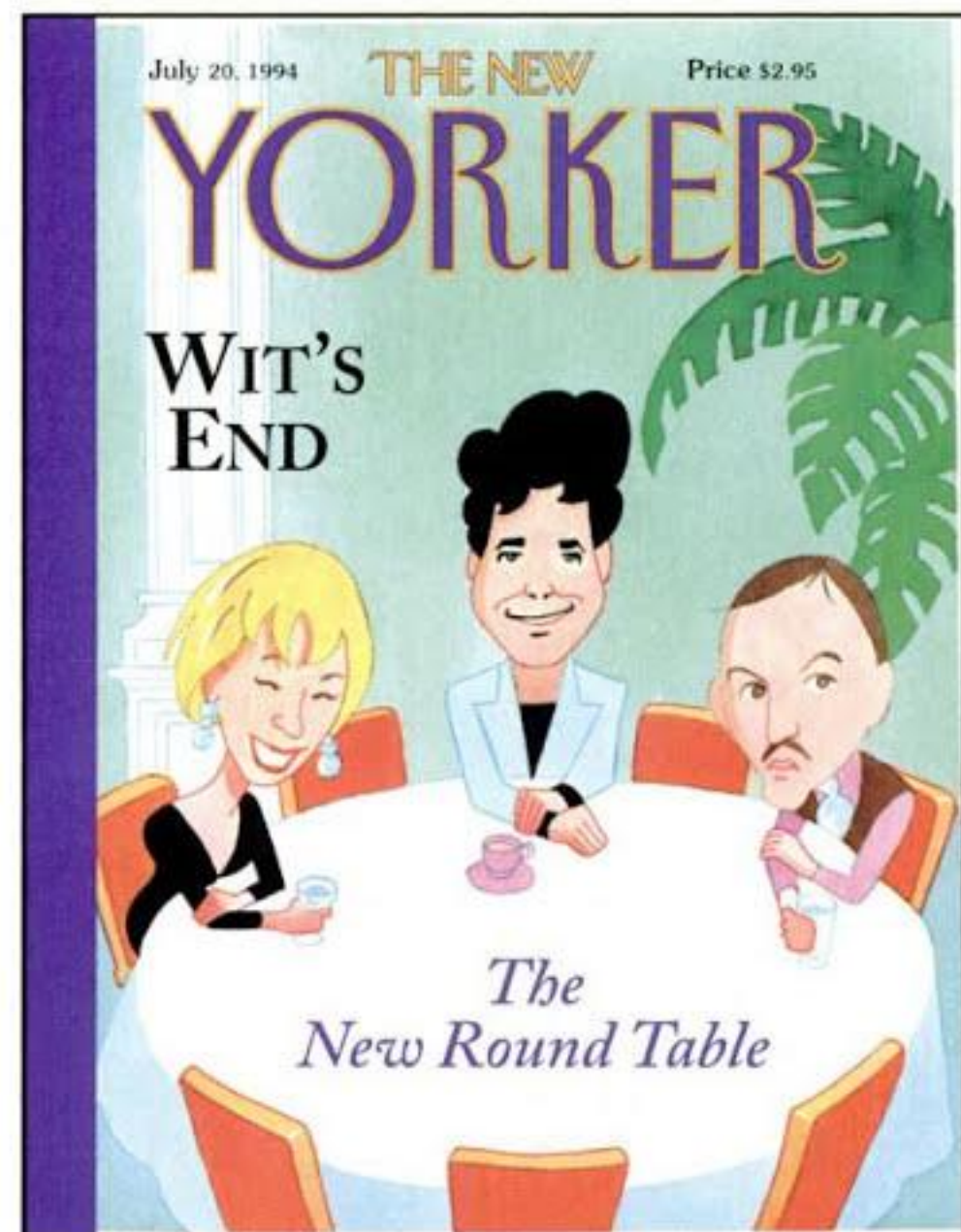
Our first scented cover, this Valentine featured Gail Sheehy on Marianne Williamson, Jennifer Lynch's "Twister," and the erotic sketches of John Cheever.



We knew the first variation on this famous annual had to be for a good cause, and what could be more important than promoting condom use?



For this historic issue, our first ever devoted to a single article, we wanted a spectacular image. And Scavullo got it.



With the reestablishment of the Round Table (Ms. Brown, Mr. McInerney, Mr. Buckley, and celebrity guests), The New Yorker's rebirth was complete.

THE MAN WHO SIGNS THE CHECKS

It is hard to say whether S. I. Newhouse is more J. P. Morgan or Lorenzo de' Medici. Perhaps the only person to exceed his contributions to the world of publishing is Tina Brown, whom he brought to this country to turn around not one but two flagging publications, Vanity Fair and The New Yorker. He is a great man.

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

BY 1985, S. I. Newhouse had bought so many things that it was only natural that he buy *The New Yorker*. The transaction became a showcase of his business acumen. For several months he assured Peter Fleischman, the then-owner, that he had no interest in owning that man's magazine, that he would limit himself to acquiring twenty-five percent of the company's stock. Then, in a move that showed Si's unutterable and unpredictable financial genius, he did just what he said he would not do: He bought more than twenty-five percent. In fact, he bought it all.

On that day not a newspaper in the country could deny that Si Newhouse was the Saladin of the publishing world.

Today, as I sit down with Si at 44, the restaurant of the Royalton Hotel, I see a different man: I am struck by how modest he is. Calvin Klein is here, as is Anna Wintour. But Si is not seeking their company. He is dressed simply, in a black turtleneck set off by a plain gold pin of some educational significance—a sign of solidarity with the world of higher learning. If he is Saladin, he is also Rousseau, never failing to donate to charities, responding to the needs of society in every business move he makes. It was Si who rejuvenated *Vanity Fair* and gave the country the

cult of celebrity it had—in its egalitarian wallow—long been missing. It was Si who gave stable, dependable homogeneity to the magazine world; it was Si who brought relevance and brevity and the British accent to the long-winded and all-too-American *New Yorker*.



S. I. Newhouse

Which says not a thing about the real Si Newhouse. He is blank. "I am blank—even blank—about blank," he says, and at that moment there is no doubt that it is true. There is, some say, a dark side to Si Newhouse, a surprisingly crude demeanor that cuts across the expanse of his more obvious virtues, turning him from a benevolent Rous-

seau into a vicious Ivan. In either case, you'd never be tempted to compare Si to anyone but a famous cultural or historical figure. He's that big. He is Bonaparte. As I look across the table at his wayward eye, he is Diaghilev to my Nijinsky. Jesus to my Matthew. Don Simpson to my Tom Cruise. Hansel to my Gretel.

Later we dance.

SAMUEL IRVING NEWHOUSE was born in 1927, the grandson of an immigrant. Life was hard, if not in a financial sense then in other ways, but then suddenly he was on top of the world, owning everyone, doing everything. Si is looking over my shoulder as I write this. He is breathing loudly through his nose, though he doesn't seem to realize it. Perhaps he does now. He shifts his breathing to his mouth, but it is still noisy; he is full of vitality, a man for whom breathing itself is a kind of music and a battle with the air. His eyes—eye-shaped, nearly oval—have a droopy quality that gives Si the appearance of a young Henry Kissinger, or an old Marlon Brando, or maybe John Belushi. His character is etched broadly across his face, which is bulbous and craggy, with the forlorn look of a man who has long had a mouth full of mashed potatoes.

Which is not to say simian. He is above all a man who redefined class in America. He is a man who by his very

Please turn to page 67

FICTION, BRIEFLY

BY JAY McINERNEY

YOU are not the kind of guy who would ever go back anywhere. But here you are, back where you started it all, and not in the Department of Factual Verification either. You wanted to be in Fiction, and now you are the head of it. All dressed up and ready to go.

The Old Lady wanted you, bad. She gets what she wants. She tells you she wants to prune and improve. Like the Bolivian marching powder of your bright-nights days, she is addictive. You follow orders well.

She says Julie Burchill is the next Dorothy Parker. You publish "Six Enchanted Castaways" and prove it.

"Go sod yourself!"

"Go sod myself? Go sod yourself. You old bitch."

"Coming from you that's a compliment!"

"You total queen."

"Really, sometimes you're so insignificant you really give me a pain in the crotch."

"I didn't know you had any feelings left down there."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Nail me now. Right this very instant."

One morning you hear the Old Lady shrieking down at her end of the hallway. You come running. "We got Grisham!" she squeals, throwing eight hundred manuscript pages on her desk. It's called "The Token." "I'll take a look at it," you say. "Why bother?" she says. "Just print it." You do.

While he waited for the older man to speak Earl Regent sipped his Martini, a cocktail made with vermouth and either vodka or gin.

"Earl, the Corporation wants you to be our in-house attorney."

"In-house attorney?"

"Yes—it's sort of like an ordinary lawyer, only he handles a lot of legal work for one business."

"Of course."

"And you'll have a fat retainer in the six-figure range, annually."

Earl did a quick calculation. Six figures. That would make it between one hundred thousand and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars. "Annually" could only mean

that it would be paid every year.

"Now we have to talk about your image and our corporate image. This isn't Minnesota. I'm afraid that your Jheri-Kurls won't do."

"I'm afraid that's not negotiable."

"Fine. When can you start?"

The Old Lady is on a roll now. She says she wants to publish more fiction from the female perspective. She wants someone young and hot and willing to pose nude. Jennifer Jason Leigh won't return your phone call, but your old friend Kate Moss comes through with "The Life of a Penny."

I was born in a penny mine, deep, deep in the ground. I was underground for hundreds of years before I was even dug up. Then it was taken to the Colorado Mint and made into a shiny penny and the bank got me. A child went to the bank and—no, a child's parent—no, a neighbor got the penny from the bank and he took it home.

Joe Eszterhas is "hot, hot, hot," the Old Lady says. And "a dear, dear, dear friend." You say "Forced Attentions" sounds a little derivative. "How could it be?" the Old Lady snaps. "He's never published fiction before. Never. Do you know what I went through to get this out of him?" You begin to wonder what she did with Tillinghast.

Det. Chase and Sgt. O'Doole were in a Florida hotel room. It was afternoon. Interior.

O'Doole said, "All I know is we're dealing with a honeymooner with a bullet in his right temple and an Ortgies calibre 7.65 automatic in his hand."

Chase said, "Yeah, and now I've got to deal with the wife—the kind of woman who for a ringing phone drops exactly nothing."

O'Doole said, "That's not the worst of it. Our stiff was on the beach today telling all the little girls about his bananafish."

Chase grunted. O'Doole continued.

O'Doole (cont.) said, "A prime weirdo. You think the widow is into kink too?"

Chase said, "I'll find out if it kills me." Music played.

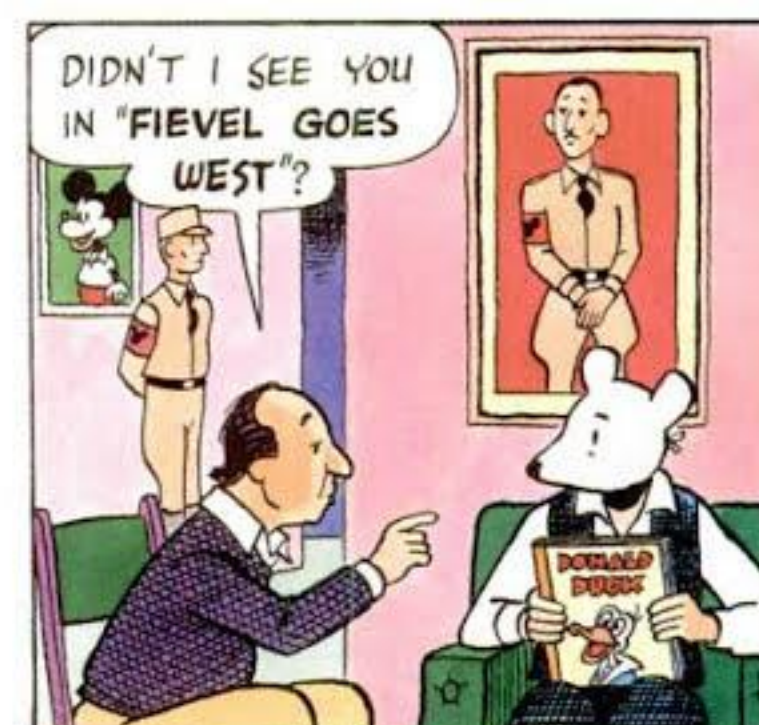
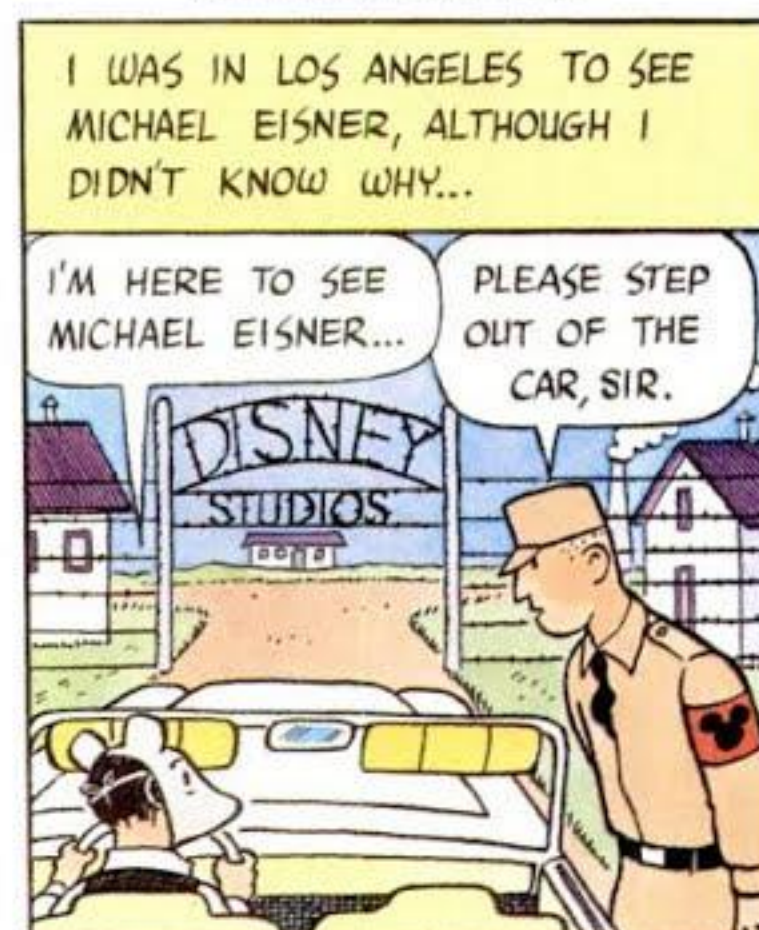
Not bad for a year's work, you think. ♦

PETER DE VRIES

February 27, 1910 – July 2, 1994
R.I.P.

A MAUS IN MAUSCHWITZ

ART SPIEGELMAN



CRITICS' PICKS



THE THEATRE

CANDY KANE

BY JOHN LAHR

ANGER sits well astride the features of Andrew Lloyd Webber, the internationally acclaimed enfant terrible of the British and American musical stage. Now well into his second decade of creating and producing blockbuster musicals, the fifty-five-year-old composer is that rare thing, a moralist-financier, a renaissance man who cares as deeply about raising his audience's consciousness as he does about raising capital—and who is equally good at both. “Let’s face it,” Webber has said, “anybody can make a buck. It takes class to do it with style.” Webber has always been drawn to Marlovian themes—“I’ve always been fascinated by the figure of the overreacher,” he confesses shyly—and never more so than now, on the eve of the West End opening of “Rosebud,” a four-hour opera based, in part, on the Orson Welles classic “Citizen Kane.”

Welles, notoriously, left the musicalizing of his dark masterpiece to others—a move that Webber frankly regards as a marketing error. “There was millions to be made there,” he says. “All I did was sniff it out,” he adds modestly. The question of how many millions are to be made with Webber’s latest through-sung musical is, at least in part, up to the London and New York critics. Typically, Webber scowls when he thinks of

the New York critics. The reception of “Sunset Boulevard,” his last foray into the film-noir genre, still rankles. “You can say what you like,” he says, over an unpretentious pub lunch in Soho, “what people want is to see their money well spent. The critics don’t understand that. If there’s one thing they can’t stand, it’s to see anyone do anything well.” Webber, who when he isn’t creating soaring melodies and packaging deals likes best to sit around with a few close friends talking politics, has perhaps never really received the *estime* his *succès* deserves. “People just don’t understand how much money it takes to put a real swimming pool onstage,” he says, “or a snow-drift. Sometimes I’m almost ready to despair. In any case,” he adds conversationally, “present company excepted, critics are schmucks—not to put too fine a point on it.”

Not putting too fine a point on it could, indeed, be said to be Webber’s rehearsal-piano forte. “Let’s face it,” he says, “what the public wants is a masterpiece. I can give it to them.” On this point, as on most, Webber is unapologetic. “Fuck you,” he says to a passing waiter, completely without ran-

cor. On his own showing, Webber is perhaps more deeply influenced by Puccini than he cares to admit, but integral to his logo-first approach to musical theatre—and to his artistic vision in general—is a conviction (borrowed from Meyerhold) that money talks. From Welles’s “Kane,” Webber has fashioned a celebration of romance and self-promotion. From its incandescent opening number (“Money Isn’t Everything”), in which a dying Charles Foster Kane (Robert Morse) is visited by a ghostly troupe of tap-dancing show girls, to the poignant finale, in which



“Well, fuck me.”

the grown-up Kane confronts his childhood self ("All I Ever Wanted Was Your Love") aboard a gigantic sled, actually a converted forty-eight-ton HM.2 passenger Hovercraft, "Rosebud" gives space to the sharp angularity of the composer's IG Farbin-like business sense and the near-Brechtian artificiality of his style. 🐼 🐼 🐼 🐼

THE TELLY

HOT NUMBER

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

MCLUHAN described the lottery as a tax on the ignorant, but McLuhan—with his post-Gutenberg but pre-Fuzzy Logic mind—never foresaw Eileen Gallagher. Gallagher, for any reader who has just recently been re-animated from ancient DNA, is the spokesmodel, hostess, and oracle of the Rhode Island Lottery's nightly numbers.

Before the ascendance of reality television, the local lottery drawing was the gaudiest example of the shotgun wedding of *info* and *tainment*. Live spectacle, news, commerce, and fate; the only element lacking was titillation, and with Gallagher, that ingredient has been supplied.

But Gallagher does more than that. A carnal ASCII, she interfaces the noncompatible elements of fact and fancy, gambling and gab. She is mistress to those oldest of all warring twins—form and content—like Genevieve Bujold with those gynecologist brothers in "Dead Ringers."

A farm girl of fate, Gallagher churns the numbered Ping-Pong balls the way Heisenberg implied God rolled the dice. Admittedly, Gallagher, like Phil Rizzuto, Ezra Pound, and Virgil, plays for the pleasure of her employers. And yet Gallagher seems to

establish a storm's eye of impartial serenity within a tempest of state-sponsored avarice. Glomming as she gesticulates on the screen, it's difficult to imagine that she suffers the trials, tribulations, and tears attendant on the disquiet desperations of other civil servants. So few worldly cares seem to weigh upon those ivory shoulders.

Combining equal parts electromagnetic pulse and *Tottle's Miscellany*, Gallagher's place is here, there, and everywhere, and her time is now.

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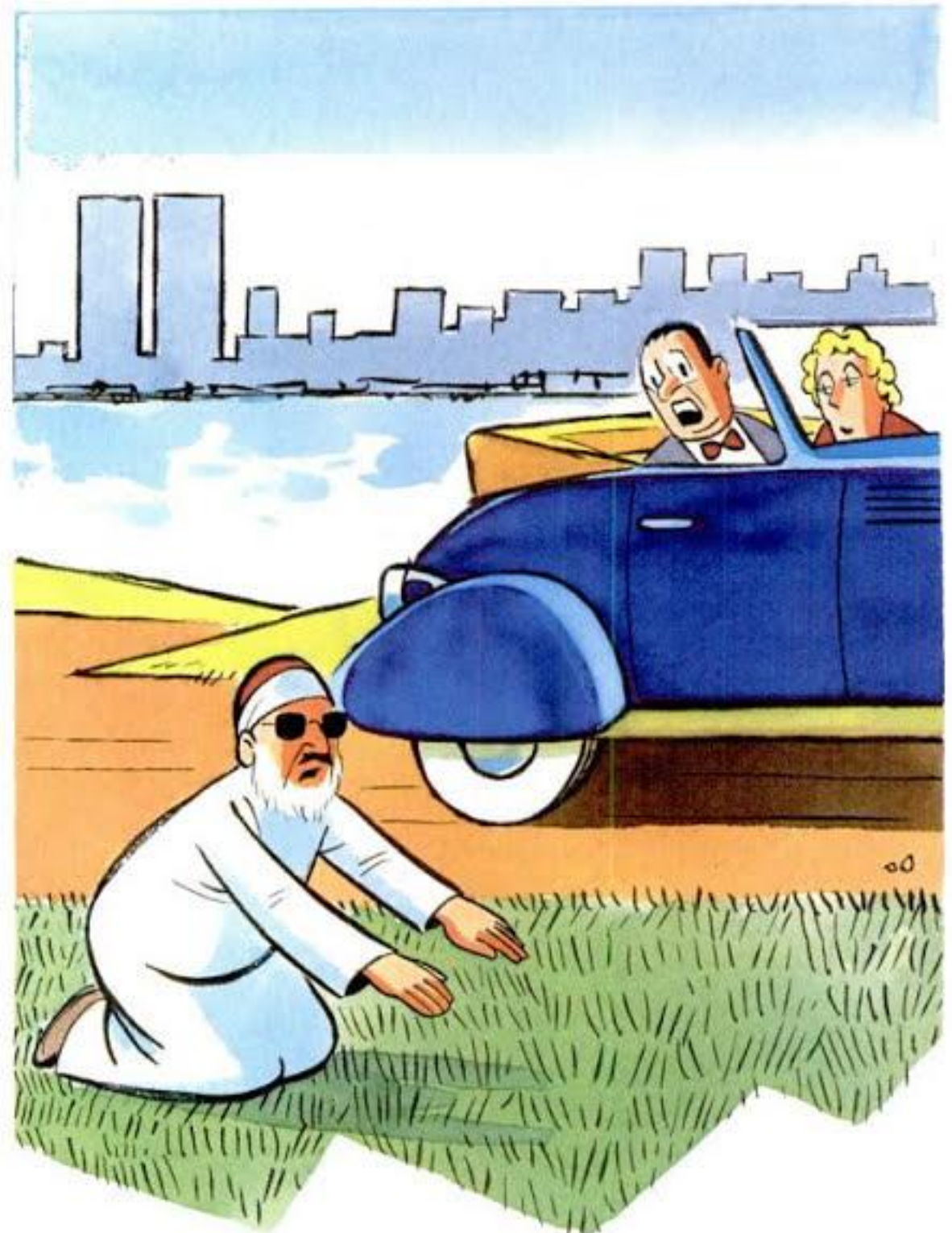
THE CINEMA

PRIMITIVES

BY MARTIN AMIS

BRIAN LEVANT'S "The Flintstones" is the type of invention—less complex than a lever, more complex than a big, heavy rock—that could only be conceived in the nineties, in America, by Steven Spielberg. From its Mesozoic mise-en-scène (see "Jurassic Park") to its cast—John Goodman, Rosie O'Donnell, Rick Moranis (TV, TV, TV)—to its central conceit, that Mousterian life resembles nothing so much as life in the suburbs, "The Flintstones" is modern Stone-Age-family entertainment.

Calculation and primitive cunning work together to create profit. One won't be at all surprised to spend the



"Hey, Sheik Abdel-Rahman, you're pointed in the right direction. Now get going!"

next few months hearing the wee ones ape Fred's ejaculation "Yabba-Dabba-Doo!" (Goodman, uncredited, is rumored to have improvised the line on the set.) Although these Flintstones are a product of the fatherless Post-Reagan Era, they owe something in form (the fat, working-class loudmouth, his long-suffering hausfrau spouse, his idiot sidekick from the couple next door) to a recurring "Goon Show" sketch from the late fifties, also uncredited.

The film is already a huge and unexpected success—surprising as a dust cloud from a comet, at the same time inevitable as an Ice Age. An animated television program is now rumored, as, no doubt, are endless and sundry knock-offs from cereal to vitamins. 🐼 🐼

🐼 🐼 🐼 🐼 —Smashing
 🐼 🐼 🐼 —Quite good
 🐼 🐼 —A bit off
 🐼 —Not awful

SHOUTS AND TITTERS



HA, CLICK, HA, WHIRRR

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

As much as I have enjoyed Christopher Buckley's weekly humor essay, *Shouts and Titters*, I've noticed that some of his recent columns have fallen a bit short in terms of humor content. Perhaps he should take a couple of weeks off.

—A concerned reader

TO: T. Brown

FROM: Hill&Arious Humor Analysis, Inc.

As per your request, we have analyzed the humor content of *Shouts and Titters* from November 8, 1993, when Christopher Buckley took over the column full-time, to October 3, 1994.

METHODS

Five columns, randomly selected, were read by ten subjects between the ages of eighteen and thirty-four with a median average income of forty-eight thousand dollars while sitting in a dentist's office in Intercourse, Pennsylvania.

RESULTS

COLUMN: "Weekend at Bernie's III: On the Trail of the Assassins"

DATE: November 22, 1993

MEAN HUMOR CONTENT: Laughs (8), Guffaws (4), Grins (5)

REMARKS: While many of the subjects were unfamiliar with the previous summer's movie sleeper "Weekend at Bernie's II," this was overcome by putting the piece in the familiar form of a memo from Oliver Stone to TriStar chairman Mike Medavoy. The memo, in which Stone proposes to do an eight-and-a-half-hour "Bernie's" that would prove conclusively that Bernie has been killed by a conspiracy involving organized crime, the F.B.I., and a voodoo priestess, expertly mimicked

Stone's obsessiveness and affectionately satirized the single-joke premise of the "Bernie's" series.

COLUMN: Capt. Rogers' Neighborhood

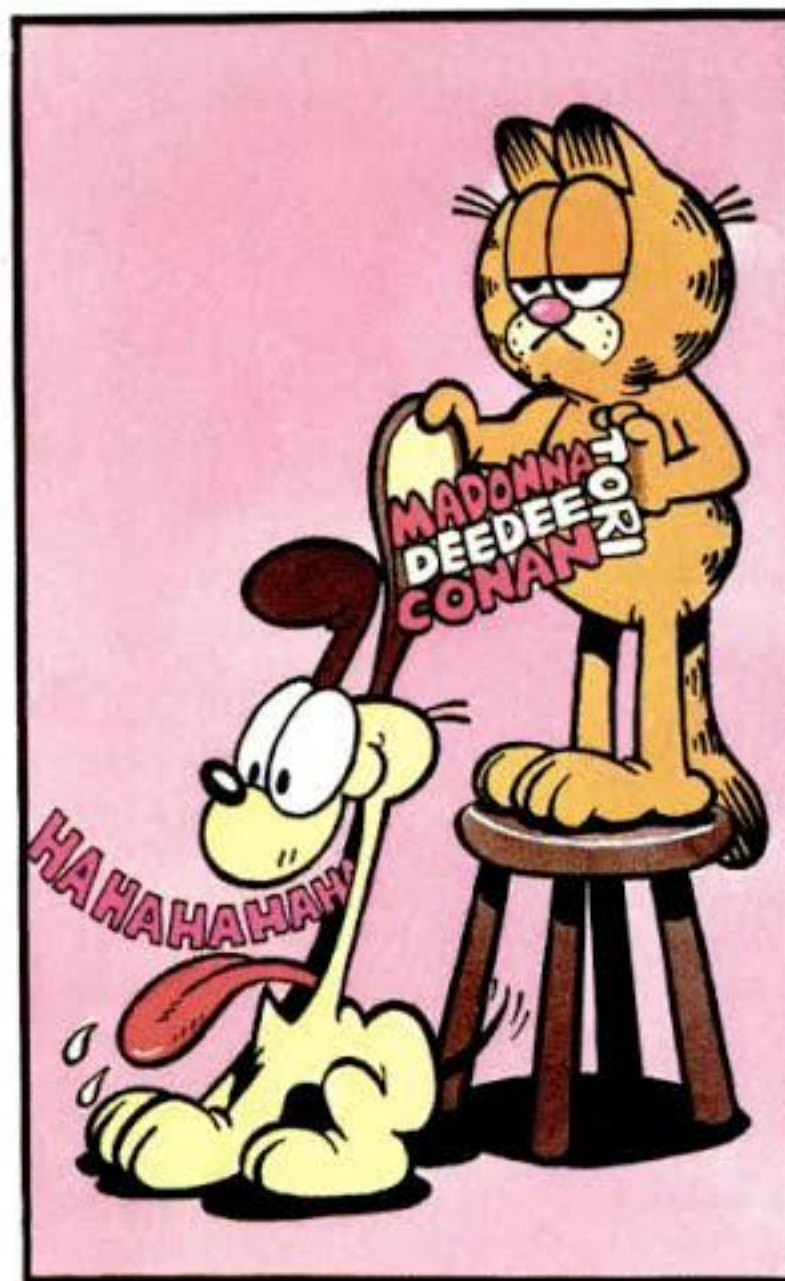
DATE: February 7, 1994

MEAN HUMOR CONTENT: Chortles (14), Titters (2), Smiles (8)

REMARKS: A brilliant portmanteau of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood" and the patter of a typical airline pilot. One subject spat out his gum when he read the line "If you'll look out the window on the left, you'll see your Louis Vuitton garment bag tumbling into the Grand Canyon. Can you say, 'Lost luggage?'"

COLUMN: Deep Space 90210

DATE: May 16, 1994



MHC: Hee-haws (17), Snickers (18), Sniggles (2)

REMARKS: Subject enjoyment appears to have been unaffected by the fact that an illustrated version of the same piece appeared in *Cracked* magazine the month before. Two subjects produced visible spittle when Bajoran Lt. Tori Spellnok bellowed, "I can do anything I want. My father owns this wormhole!"

COLUMN: Rescue 7-11

DATE: July 18, 1994

MHC: Whoops (26), Chirps (62), Uncontrolled Simpering (1)

REMARKS: The cancellation of the "Rescue 911" series the previous fall seems to have only heightened the humor of this piece. Three subjects fell out of their chairs laughing, while another six teetered precipitously. The surprise ending, in which Bones bursts in and yells, "I'm a doctor, damn it, not a Slurpee machine operator!" caused one subject to laugh so hard, she forgot to breathe, and passed out. Another stood up and started to applaud.

COLUMN: Ha, Click, Ha, Whirrr

DATE: October 3, 1994

MHC: Data incomplete

REMARKS: Analysis cannot be completed until subjects finish reading the piece.

CONCLUSIONS

HAHA, Inc. can find no evidence that the humor content of the *Shouts and Titters* column has declined; however, in order to keep up this high level of work, we recommend that Mr. Buckley's compensation be increased considerably. ♦

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Keeping up appearances—
a young Bosnian
gets a trim in Sarajevo.

NEW MOB IN TOWN

A MASTER DETECTIVE ON THE TRAIL OF MASTER BURGLARS DISCOVERS A DRAMATIC INTERNATIONAL SCHEME TO AID THE MUSLIMS IN BOSNIA, AND A BRAND-NEW MAFIA BY JOHN CONNOLLY

THE FOUR BURGLARS WERE YOUNG, ATHLETIC, PROFESSIONAL. DESPITE THE cold—it was 1:00 a.m. on a Saturday night in early February—they were dressed only in black jumpsuits. It made them all but invisible on the roof of the squat Park Avenue South building. It also made their task—moving hundreds of pounds of equipment through two adjoining buildings and over a 15-foot wall—much simpler. Their target: the Provident Loan Society of New York.

They eased their tools and equipment, loaded in four-foot-long black nylon bags, through a second-floor bathroom window, followed by two five-foot-long oxygen tanks, weighing a total of 300 pounds.

The day before, with the assurance of seasoned thieves, they had simply walked the all-important cylinders into a loading bay of the adjacent building on 25th Street and left them there. In their native land, the tanks—at about \$500, worth more than the average worker's annual salary—would have been long gone, but in New York they had been ignored.

Once inside, the four men were safe. The Provident's alarm system had been silenced several hours before by an accomplice who'd broken into the ADT Security Systems headquarters in Queens. ADT's entire quadrant for lower Manhattan was knocked out. It stayed that way until the ADT regular shift came in Monday morning—countless banks, offices and other institutions from 34th Street to the Battery were totally without security for almost 60 hours.

The main safe—more like a small room in the middle of a much larger room—was 50 feet from where they'd entered the building. Built in 1913, it

had an 8,000-pound steel door to protect the millions of dollars' worth of valuables inside. But the burglars had no interest in the steel door. It was into the 12-inch steel of one of its side walls that they intended to cut.

Their research had been meticulous. They knew that under the stately mahogany paneling of the side wall lay a foot of asbestos that they would have to chop through before they got to the steel. So they put on respirators as well as leather vests, gloves and leggings.

The protective clothing was for using an Arcair SLICE Pack. The Arcair is the state-of-the-art equipment for cutting metal. It operates at around 8,000° F and can slash through five one-inch steel bars in 13 seconds—three times the speed of an oxyacetylene torch. It is a superb tool in emergency situations in which people are trapped by or behind metal and every second counts—or if you simply want to cut a hole 18 inches square through a foot of steel.

The compactly built burglar who climbed into the safe was satisfied with what he found. The Provident is essentially a glorified pawnshop, where the more respectable element can raise cash by hocking gold, silver or the odd heirloom. It's a far cry from the glass case full of cameras, saxophones and old war medals of the corner hockshop. Inside the Provident's upstairs vault that night was more than \$6 million worth of gems, jewelry, precious ornaments, watches and gold.

Trip after trip they made, through the bathroom window, up and down the 15-foot wall, across the adjoining roofs and to a side door on 25th Street, where they loaded the loot into a waiting van. The van circled the block while they went back for more. At some point one of the men went down to a basement vault, where there was even more treasure. (Provident won't reveal how much, but since the upstairs vault mainly held smaller valuables and the one downstairs was for larger items, one can only guess at the wealth that was

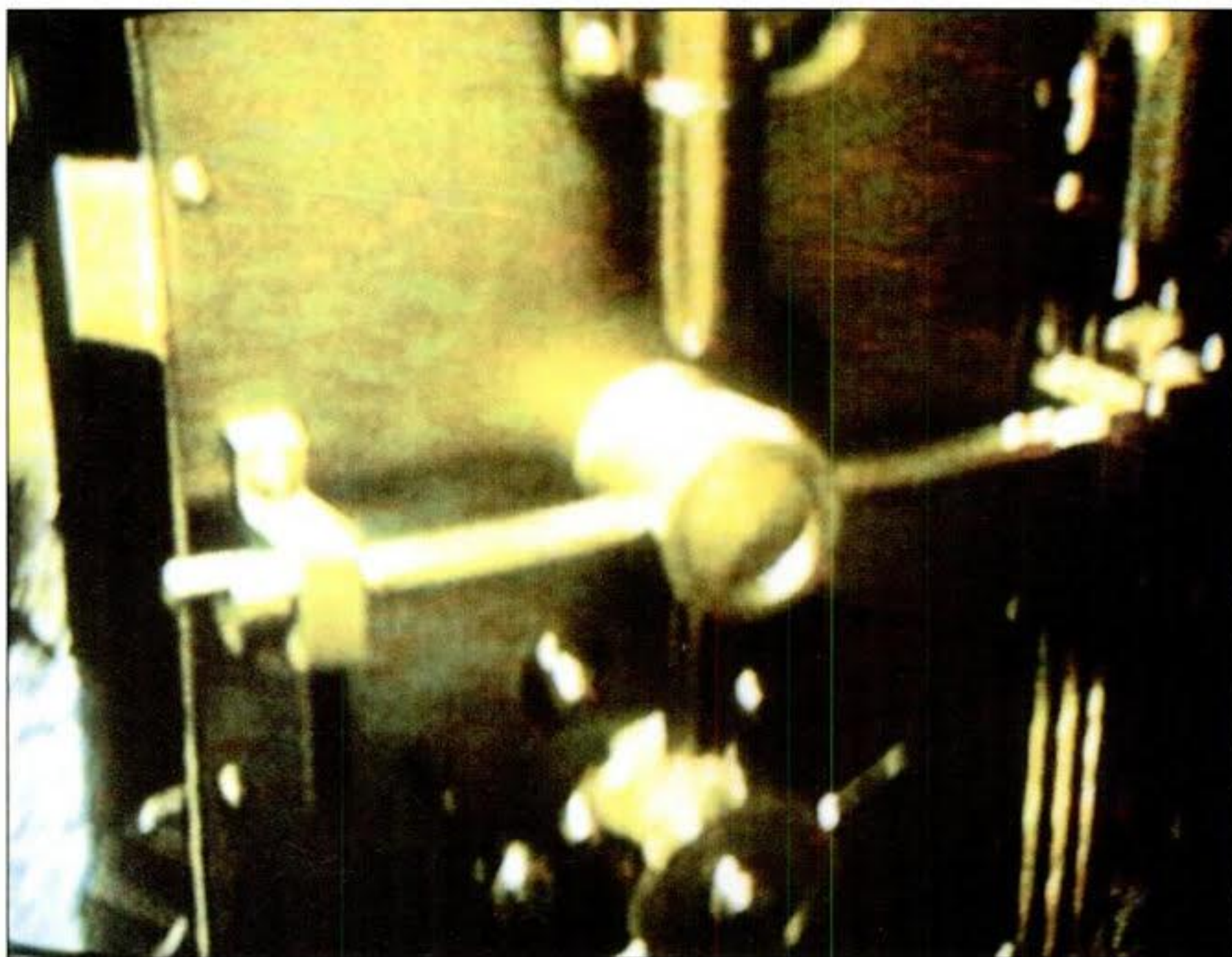
down there.) Unfortunately, he tripped a fire alarm, and the crew decided to pass on the basement. They beat a dignified retreat a couple hundred thousand shy of the \$6 million.

The thieves drove uptown through the freezing nighttime streets to their home neighborhood, the Arthur Avenue section of the Bronx. The van and its glittering contents were safely parked. The next morning, the rest of the organization took over. With the same efficiency the burglars displayed, they split up and dispersed the loot: The gold was melted down and sold unobtrusively in the bustling market of Manhattan's West 47th Street jewelry district. The jewelry and other valuables were smuggled out of the country, some through New York and some through Canada.

Destination: Europe, specifically Eastern Europe. There a significant portion of the proceeds went to buy arms for the peoples of Bosnia and Albania in their gallant struggles against the tide of human sewage who call themselves Serbian nationalists.

In the last three years, these four men and several other crews like them have stolen tens of millions of dollars' worth of gold and jewels in at least 20 burglaries. All the previous targets had been jewelry manufacturers or retailers, all in the New York area. And all demonstrated that a new breed of burglar—fearless, innovative, well organized and using state-of-the-art technology—was at work.

In the August 1991 break-in of Mazza-Bartholomew jewelry wholesalers, for example, the burglars used an ingenious method of getting into the vault, one the police had never seen before. Most jewelry companies, like other Manhattan businesses, rent their space. They can construct any size or strength of vault; the thickness of its walls and degree of reinforcement are up to them. They own the vaults they build. But they don't own the floor. Since it's trickier to reinforce a floor, and they don't anticipate a threat from that direction, they don't even bother to arm it with an alarm.



THE UNTOUCHED 8,000-POUND STEEL DOOR OF THE PROVIDENT SAFE

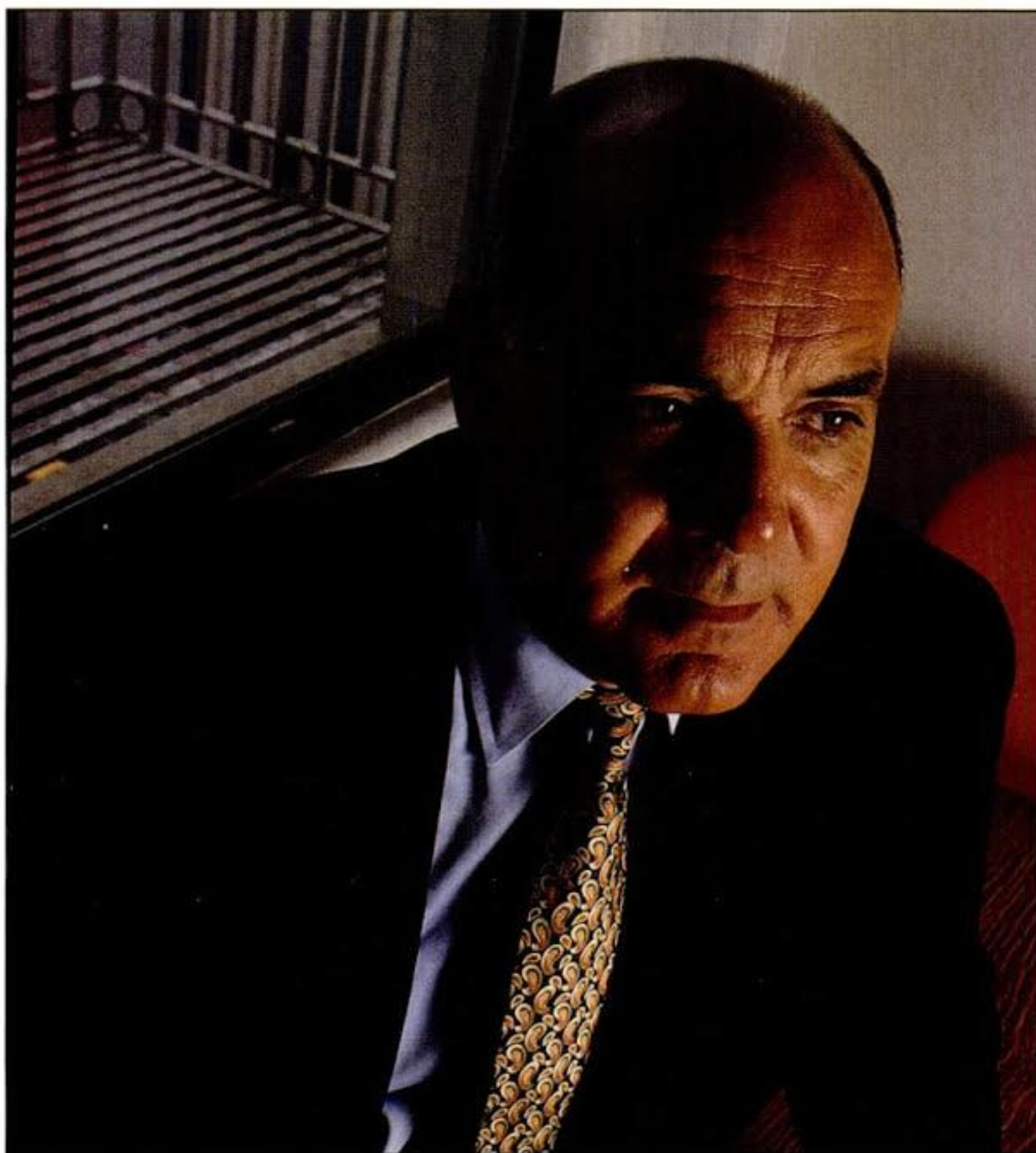
Using this knowledge, the new breed has developed a technique the police call the jack, or porto-jack. The Mazza-Bartholomew burglars, having determined the exact location of the vault (probably based on inside information), entered the premises one floor below and positioned a two-ton hydraulic jack precisely underneath the center of the vault. A broad steel plate under the jack dissipated its downward pressure. All they had to do was pump the jack up, and its tremendous force punched a hole through the ceiling and the floor of the vault. They're in, and \$1.2 million in gold and gems is out.

Another technique, which the police call hack-and-whack, is less tidy but equally effective. If a vault has a heavy steel door but conventional walls made of cinder block or steel-reinforced cement, the burglars simply sledgehammer a hole through one wall. A crucial element here is time—the burglars have plenty of it, since their primary specialty is bypassing on-site security systems.

It's a measure of just how skewed law enforcement and the justice system are away from major crime that no one made the connection between this extraordinary string of burglaries for so long. In a city whose police department is swamped by the end products of racial tension and drug use and whose justice system is clogged to the rim with crimes of violence, sophisticated victimless crimes get scant attention. But there is a division of the NYPD that is as sophisticated as its opponents; it's called the Major Case Squad, and luckily for the city, it still has detectives like Joe Keenan.

Detective Keenan is a unique cop. He is 55, jovial, gentle in manner, dapper. Born in Brooklyn, he has strong, square hands, liberally backed with hair, that look like they've known hard work; but he has a certain polish too—a Hugo Boss tie, an Armani suit. It's a uniform in a way, because Joe Keenan's specialty is art theft. He's utterly without pretension, but it's easy to imagine how quickly he'd gain the trust of a gallery owner, collector, sophisticated informant—or thief.

Keenan likes thieves—if they're good. The good ones treat what they do as a sophisticated game. So does he, and his eyes gleam with pleasure when he tells you the story of a successful arrest. These days, of course, the odds are on the robbers, not the cops. Unless thieves are caught red-handed, it's practically



**DETECTIVE JOE KEENAN OF THE NYPD MAJOR CASE SQUAD
UNCOVERED THE ALBANIAN CRYPTO-MAFIA.**

impossible to nail them; cases can take years to resolve. Keenan often knows exactly who has committed a theft but can't move against his suspect. He has to wait for a lucky break, or for his opponent to make a mistake.

In March 1992, Keen Jewelry Manufacturing on West 37th Street was hit to the tune of \$1.3 million. Like the Provident job, the Keen burglary was a "bypass-and-burn"—the thieves had neutralized the security system, then gone in with an Arcair. Keenan happened to be the only detective available that morning, and he was put on the case. During his investigation he came across something unusual: The burglars had taken not just the jewelry but the molds used to cast their settings—the various shapes for brooches, necklaces, rings and so on. Keenan was intrigued. Stealing the molds made no sense. Although intricate and hard to replace, they are without value except to the jeweler who uses them. Since molds serve as a manufacturer's trademark, they can't be used to cast new jewelry—the shapes and settings would be instantly recognizable. The molds would only be of value if they were taken out of the country.

But the molds triggered something. Keenan remembered a 1989 burglary with a similar MO: a jewelry manufacturer called Technical Service Industries on West 22nd Street, where molds had been stolen. On a hunch, Keenan asked for a computer search of burglaries with similar MOs. Thirteen other burglaries showed up, and every time a manufacturer was involved, the molds had been stolen. Up to that moment they had never been linked. Keenan realized he had a major crime ring on his hands—possibly the most audacious series of thefts in New York history. A four-man MCS task force was set up to handle it.

By cross-referencing the 14 burglaries, Keenan and his team were able to

develop a profile of the suspects. Clearly they were sophisticated—the techniques they used to bypass security systems alone spelled that out. Clearly, too, they were in great physical condition. In one burglary the thieves escaped by rappelling down the side of a building. This led Keenan away from traditional suspects like the Mafia. As he noted, "The old Mafia guys were never in this kind of shape." Most couldn't even walk up a flight of stairs, let alone rappel down seven stories.

Most significant of all was that none of the jewelry was turning up in the city. New York City is the fence capital of the nation, if not the world. Normally, through their knowledge of fences and by working with informants, the MCS detectives could come up with some of the stolen goods and develop potential suspects. But there was nothing in any of these cases. Given the sheer amount of the stolen jewelry, it was incredible that none of it was showing up on the street. Keenan concluded that it was leaving the country, and that he was therefore dealing with an organization with international connections.

But there was one lead. The burglars habitually left their equipment behind. In almost all the cases they abandoned thousands of dollars' worth of it, even their trusty Arcairs. And that triggered something else. Five years earlier Keenan had been involved in a federal bank break-in in which two burglars had used ultra-high-temperature burn tools. They were caught and did time. Both were Yugoslav. Acting on his second hunch, Keenan ran a check on recent burglary suspects (from other smaller and unsuccessful burglaries), and Yugoslav names began popping up all over. Pretty soon Keenan had a list of possible suspects, whom he referred to as the Yugos. All of their names carried too many consonants to suit Keenan, so they were soon given nicknames. Vjksan became Volvo; Gjargj, Gary; Shyti, Shitty.

Simultaneously, Keenan's team was developing a list of the burglars'

KEENAN HAD A MAJOR CRIME RING ON HIS HANDS—POSSIBLY THE MOST AUDACIOUS SERIES OF THEFTS IN NEW YORK HISTORY

potential targets, and they spent weekend nights staking them out. (Weekends are when most of the burglaries have been taking place.) But the burglars went on burgling. They relieved a bank in the Bronx of half a million dollars in cash. They hit three other jewelry manufacturers in Manhattan, for a total of \$4 million in gold and jewels. Week after week, Keenan and his men spent their days off skulking in alleys and climbing over roofs throughout the city. Nothing. Then they got lucky.

On October 24, 1992, at 10:20 p.m., Officer Edward White of the 13th Precinct, who had read the APB sent out by Keenan's group, saw a well-dressed man with a walkie-talkie outside a jewelry-manufacturing building at 230 Fifth Avenue. White and his partner called for backup to stay with the outside suspect while they entered the building. During his search of the building, White caught three men hiding in a stairwell. Lying next to the suspects were two black canvas bags containing a two-ton hydraulic jack, five chisels, six screwdrivers, a set of lock picks, nylon ropes with rappelling hooks, and a walkie-talkie that matched the one belonging to the lookout.

At the time of their arrest, the lookout identified himself as Carl Martin. He was fingerprinted and held overnight at the 13th Precinct, awaiting his bail hearing in the morning. He was a major break—someone the task force had already identified as a prime suspect.

"Martin" was the apparent mastermind, an elusive 60-year-old ex-con with a history of aliases, an equivocal record of employment and a preference for being called the Professor. Only his age and the details of his immigration to the U.S. were certain. He had come here in 1965

from Poland under the name Andrzej Zalenski. According to the INS, he became Andre Montrose, legally. He later became Alec Belmont, illegally, and Mark Conti, also illegally.

Keenan didn't know that Martin had been arrested until the next morning. As soon as he saw the arrest sheet, he knew he had his man. But he also knew that in a city whose jails overflow with people awaiting trial for violent crimes, incarcerating burglars is low-priority. He knew that the chronically overworked D.A.'s office wouldn't run a fingerprint check on Martin. They would release him on bail. And Martin would jump it.

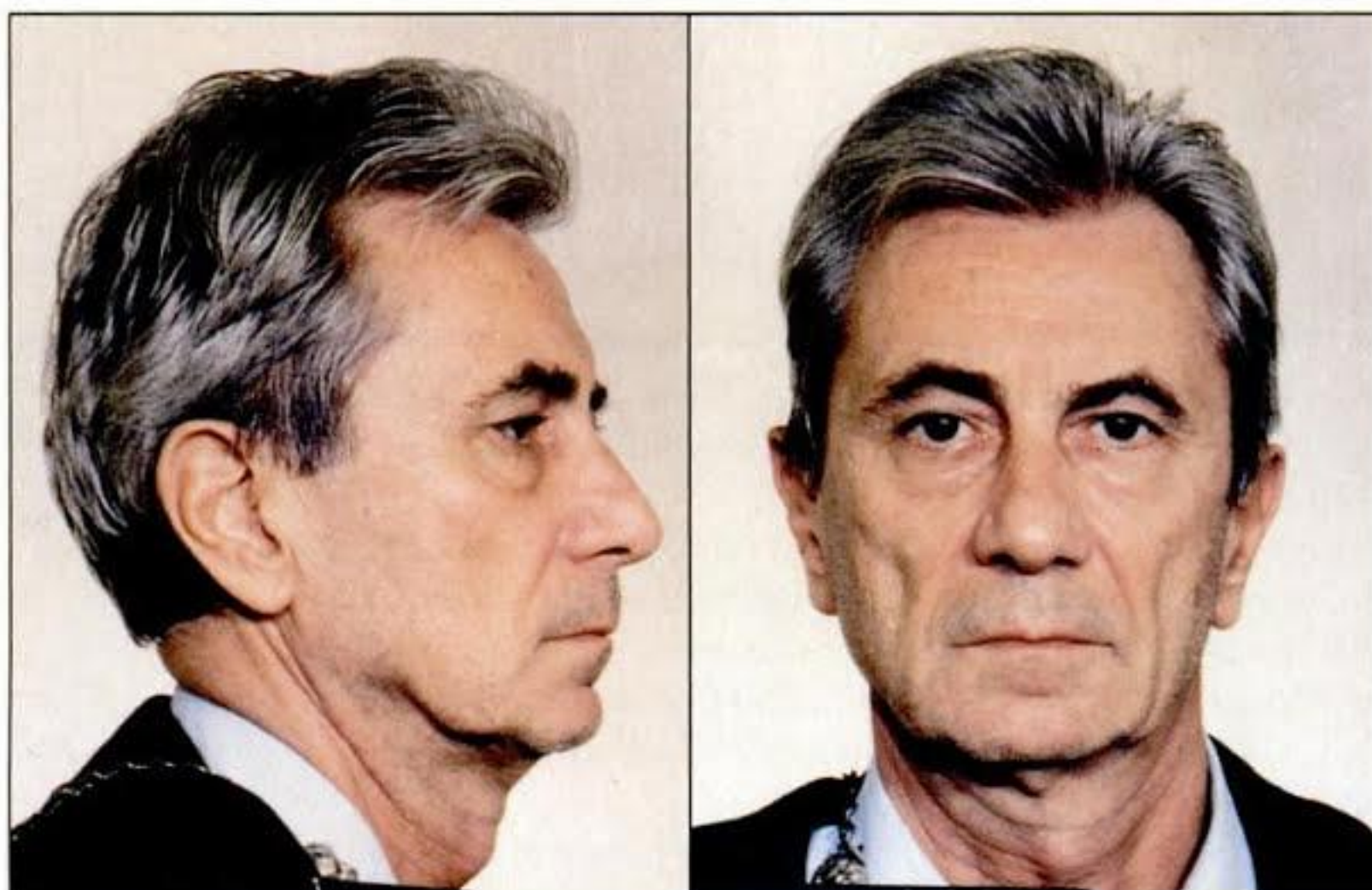
Keenan ran with his partner, Detective Jack McCann, the block from 1 Police Plaza to the Criminal Court building at 100 Centre Street. He dashed up to a courtroom on the eleventh floor to find that Martin had moments before walked out. Keenan rammed McCann into the elevator and tore down eleven flights of stairs in a desperate attempt to catch Martin before he left the building. They were too late. The city had given the mastermind up; the city took him back.

At least Keenan had the other three suspects. Immigrants from the Kosovo province of Yugoslavia, they had identified themselves as Mario Gobo, Tony Boba and Costa Gavras. Keenan interrogated them, but while they were willing to chat, they absolutely refused to give up any of their colleagues or methods. They had good reason. Like 90 percent of the population of Kosovo, the burglars were Albanians, and still lived by something called the Code of Lekë.

The Code of Lekë didn't mean a whole lot to Keenan, but the more his investigation went forward, the more he found out about it. It dates from the fifteenth century, when tribal leader Lekë Dukagjini laid down strict rules of behavior that Albanians have lived by ever since. Going beyond mundane

BURGLARS ENTERED THE SAFE THROUGH AN 18-INCH HOLE CUT IN A SIDE WALL.





MASTER CRIMINAL ANDRE MONTROSE, AKA CARL MARTIN, AKA ALEC BELMONT, AKA MARK CONTI, AKA THE PROFESSOR, UNDER ARREST IN MANHATTAN BEFORE JUMPING BAIL

matters like property rights, Lekë regularized the blood feud. His code includes among its tenets, "An offense to honor is not paid for with property, but by the spilling of blood"; "The person dishonored has every right to avenge his honor"; "A man is dishonored if someone reneges on his pledged word"; and, most important, "An offense to honor is never forgiven." These principles were and are harshly enforced.

The Code of Lekë, in short, makes the mafioso code of *omerta* look like it was written by Miss Manners. These guys were not about to squeal.

Luckily, the Code of Lekë is not honored by New York Telephone. When Keenan officially requested the "muds and luds" (records of the incoming and outgoing phone calls) of the suspects, he began to get some idea of the size, and labyrinthine nature, of the network.

The MCS task force has discovered an organized-crime ring of Albanians that numbers at least 100 in the New York area. It has identified seven crews, comprising 40 men, engaged in bypass-and-burn burglaries. Sixteen suspects have been arrested. Even more crews and men are involved in the less sophisticated burglaries. Keenan's group has also provided the Philadelphia police with information on a \$4.1 million burglary of the Bailey, Banks & Biddle jewelry store in Center City in 1991.

As SPY went to press, Keenan hit pay dirt: Some time ago he had found out where the bypass-and-burn men had purchased 44-inch burn rods, which they needed for the Arcair. With the cooperation of the dealer, he put an invisible mark on the rods, so that if they were used in a future burglary and left at the scene, it would help him build a case. On July 21, Chicago police apprehended six men and accompanied them to their downtown Chicago hotel, where they found burglary tools and equipment. Among the items were several 44-inch burn rods with Keenan's mark. The six men were arrested; their leader was Keenan's old "Yugo" friend Shyti.

The most dramatic aspect of this extraordinary string of thefts is that much of

the proceeds have gone to purchase arms for the Bosnians. Certainly the timing of the burglaries—they began at roughly the same time the Serbs began their genocidal aggression—would suggest that there is more to them than personal enrichment. Ken Taylor, a former representative of Macedonian interests in the United States, told SPY that not only are Albanians sympathetic to the Muslim problem, but there have been reports of their furnishing the Bosnians with weapons. A source at the United Nations, who demanded anonymity, told SPY it is no secret that Albanian immigrants to the U.S. routinely contribute money for the purchase of weapons for the Bosnians and also for Albania. The source explained, "There is real concern that at some point the Serbs may attack Albania."

Josif Janceski, a Macedonian and a cousin of one of the alleged burglars, Kiro Krstoski (currently out on \$250,000 bail, paid by Janceski), told SPY, "All of us here are concerned with what happens to the Muslims in Bosnia." He went on to say that numerous groups here continue to contribute whatever is needed to help those back home. When pressed as to financing the purchase of arms, Janceski would only say, "We are concerned about our homeland."

In July of this year, the UN sent 300 U.S. troops to Macedonia in an attempt to contain the Balkan conflict. A high-ranking State Department official, speaking on background only, confirmed what Keenan had suspected. According to the official, Kosovo province has been arming itself with funds from Albanians in the U.S.

Keenan is unimpressed by the idea that there is some moral justification to burglarizing Americans in order to help the Bosnian cause. It may be a

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ALBANIAN CODE OF LEKË MAKES THE MAFIOSO CODE OF OMERTA LOOK LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN BY MISS MANNERS

romantic and heartwarming thought for some, but the thefts remain just that—thefts. And while violence-ridden New Yorkers might look almost kindly on crimes like these, which haven't resulted in a single casualty—or, at least, a corpse—there are other kinds of violence: financial, psychological. Thousands of clients of the Provident, for example, many of them obviously hard-pressed, have lost their property forever. (Furthermore, they're uncompensated: The Provident—improvidently—doesn't bother to insure their valuables, but only the amount of the loans it makes on them.)

Beyond that, however, is a far longer-term problem exposed by the Albanian burglary ring, a social phenomenon that will continue long after the civil wars in Eastern Europe have run their tragic course. That is the issue of the Albanian mob.

When Keenan started making breakthroughs in the Albanian burglaries, he figured he'd discovered a crime ring bound by nationality and motivated, at least to some degree, by the urgent needs of its Balkan brothers. But as he dug deeper he realized that it wasn't a crime organization he was dealing with so much as organized crime. The immediate cause in what was once Yugoslavia was not the binding force so much as an ancient brotherhood and an ancient code. The organization of which the Albanian burglars were a part (and whose international resources they used) predated by centuries the current troubles, and would outlast them as long.

Generally, in fact, those bound by the Code of Lekë conformed to the model of the Cosa Nostra. Except in three important respects: They were smaller, they were smarter, and—up to this point—they were completely unknown to anyone, even the police.

Thanks in large part to the work of Keenan and his team, this crypto-Mafia has been brought out of the shadows. The image most Americans have of Albania—if they have one at all—is of a rockbound little country

that once had the distinction of being the most closed Communist society of all and was once ruled by a king named Zog. That there is a highly organized Albanian crime ring in our midst that is sophisticated, successful and bound by a ruthless code of honor may come as something of a surprise.

Keenan's group has amassed evidence that includes the restaurants, social clubs and fencing locations frequented by the Albanians, as well as their addresses. The Fort Lee section of New Jersey and Arthur Avenue in the Bronx serve as the strongholds for the Albanian mafia. Like most members of organized-crime families, these Albanians enjoy the material perks commonly associated with the American good life. They have very quickly purchased legitimate businesses, including pizza parlors, motels and restaurants, and real estate. Keenan believes that the Albanians have learned from the mistakes of the Italian Mafia. "You cannot live high on the hog for very long without an apparently legitimate source of income," he said, "and these people have very quickly cloaked themselves in legitimacy."

On the other hand—according to confidential sources—the Albanian mafia is now expanding into "traditional" operations, including the sale and distribution of drugs, the theft and use of credit cards, and even the fencing of stolen art.

Keenan, good cop that he is, remains focused on the burglaries. He wants his mastermind, Martin. The investigation has now expanded to include major burglaries in Ohio as well as Pennsylvania and Illinois. There is currently a 48-state APB out for any information on burn jobs or bank burglaries with similar MOs.

David Lenefsky, the attorney representing Carl Martin, aka the Professor, told SPY he believes his client has fled the country. When SPY asked Keenan if he subscribed to that theory, he replied, "Martin is still running around."

"But," he added with a smile, "so am I." ☾

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Circus Jerks

**Yikes! Smut Hounds and
Bodacious Tatas Under the Big Top!**
by Henry Alford

Although the idea of being a circus clown has held appeal for me ever since childhood, the practicalities of learning the trade have always kept me at bay: I would not enjoy getting into a tiny car and sitting very, very close to other members of my profession; I do not want to litter my friends' homes with my failed balloon art; I am not eager to have seltzer down my pants. However, when I discovered that an American singles resort in Negril, Jamaica, was holding a circus workshop in which it would bring "all the excitement of the big tent to its sandy white beach on the Caribbean Sea," the inherent graciousness of resort living allowed me to abandon my preconceptions and RSVP.

Two days before I was to leave, I called the resort and asked whether there was any special circus-related clothing or equipment that I needed to bring. The woman who answered the phone could think of nothing.

"If I bring a broom," I asked her, "could I be the little clown who sweeps up the spotlight at the end of the circus?"

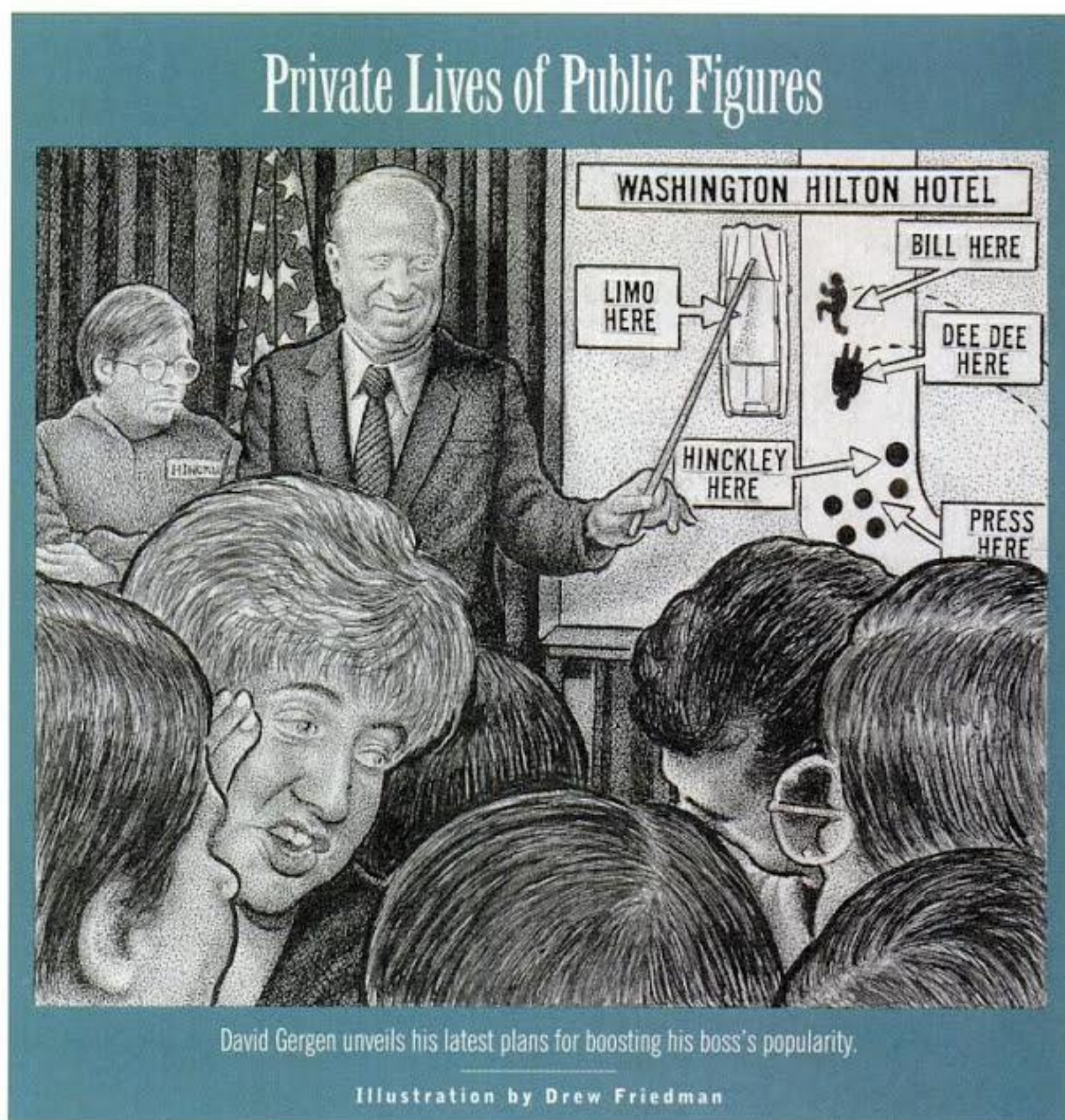
Her training had apparently not prepared her for this question. I was put on hold; seconds later the line disconnected.

I packed a broom.

Upon my arrival at the lovely, palm-dappled grounds, a young Jamaican man, one of the resort's employees, carried my bag to my room and assured me in a lilting patois, "You are going to have the ball of your life." I told him I was quite excited about the circus workshop; he smiled indulgently and said that if I maintained close proximity to him throughout my stay, I would be introduced to the most beautiful of the fe-

male guests and would "definitely score." I thanked him for his vote of confidence. My room contained two mirrors—one, about eight feet by three feet, was directly in front of the bed; the other, about six by six, was directly over the bed.

On the sunny, palm-lined beach I found a trampoline, a trapeze and a high wire—all in excellent condition, none in use. I searched for other members of the clown community but found only nude sunbathers. At dinner I thought I'd discovered an aerialist in the very tanned, tubby man in his late forties walking around the dining room wearing nothing but a black G-string, but someone explained that the man was "in computers" and from Chicago. When my eyes chanced upon a woman on the other side of the room who was wearing suspenders, I thought I had at last found a fellow clown. But when I walked over to her, I saw that her suspenders were buoying not baggy pants but bare breasts—the



David Gergen unveils his latest plans for boosting his boss's popularity.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

better to display the shimmery gold chain that linked her pierced nipples.

As I struck up conversations with various of the 250 or so guests during my stay, I realized that few of them had come for the circus workshop. This was fortunate for them: The circus sessions were canceled my first two days because of rain. During these afternoons, the resort's employees organized group games in the dining room. In one game, volunteers from the audience were paired off with members of the opposite sex and encouraged to ask one another provocative questions. Thus, just as I was taking my fourth bite of delicious fresh pineapple one day, the PA system broadcast a giggly woman saying, "Hi..I'm Ellen from Florida. Have you ever done it in Crisco or in oil?" whereupon the man seated across from her responded, "Hi. I'm Bruce from Washington. Yes, with baby oil once." Other questions the guests deemed important to broadcast over loudspeakers included "Do you strap on when using a big dildo?"

"Have you ever been fist-fucked?" and "Have you ever licked a man's asshole?" Another game was a version of Loser's Bingo wherein players tried to be the last person standing. The categories started on a fairly tame level ("Sit down if your birthday is in July") but then, when the group was reduced to six women, became increasingly unsavory ("Sit down if you swallow"). When a 40-ish, rawboned woman took her seat in response to "Sit down if you gave a blowjob last night," she was accorded a smattering of applause.

I did not participate in these games. I wondered what my clowning predecessors, the immortal Emmett Kelly and Slivers Oakley, would have done in my place. How would Otto Griebling, the most beloved joey ever to tramp the sawdust, have handled the situation? I was not sure. All I knew was that I have certain professional limits. Which is to say, *I don't work blue*.

In the course of my ruminations, the dining room had given way to a toga-tying demonstration for that

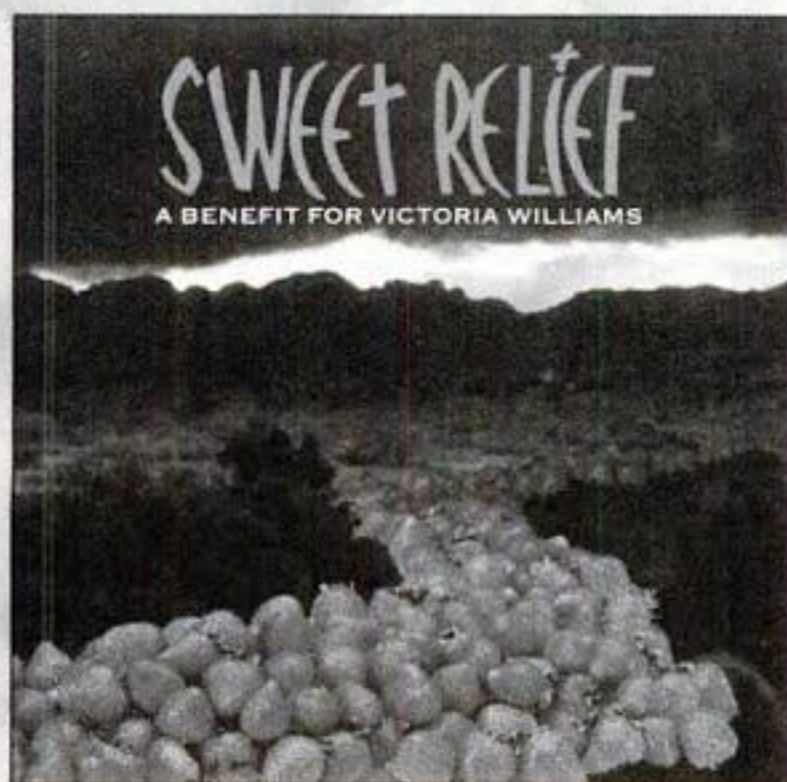
evening's toga party. We were reminded repeatedly that if we didn't wear a toga to dinner, we wouldn't be served ("No sheet, no eat"), and that if we wore underwear under our togas, our underwear would be cut off.

I began to feel slightly anxious. A maid brought a bed sheet to my room. As I wrapped my pale body, it gradually became clear that the finer points of the demonstration had eluded me; the toga I fashioned was melancholic and larval. I skulked into the dining room and beheld a multiplicity of elaborate togas. Guests had brought accessories and props from home—one man had used a fern, sunglasses and a necktie to anthropomorphize a three-foot-long, bulbous trunk that dangled from his crotch.

Dinner gave way to the Guest Talent Show—perhaps at last the demonstration of clowning abilities I craved. Alas, I was disappointed again. One act, the Candy Lickers, consisted of two highly Nautilized men with all-over tans wearing only G-strings and matching cowboy boots. They sa-

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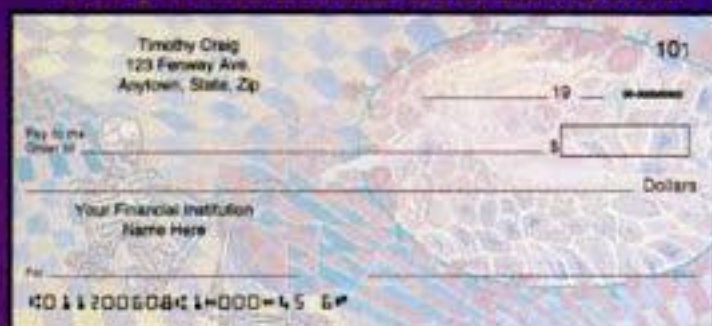
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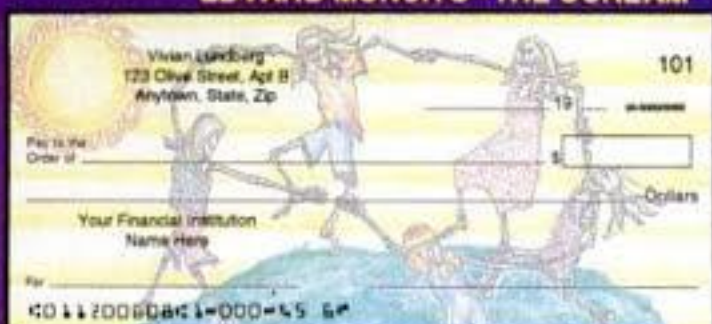
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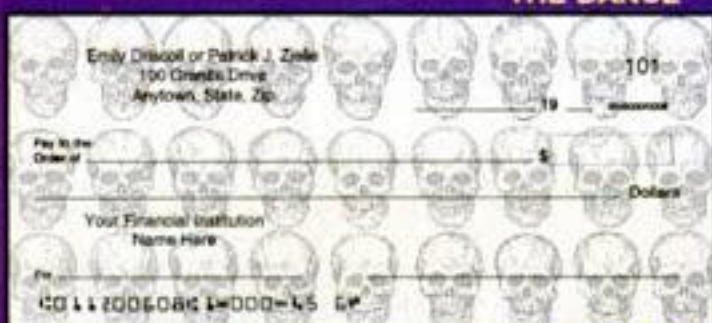
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shayed onto the floor to music whose lyrics ran, "I want to lick you up/ I want to lick you till you come." They coaxed three blond volunteers out of the audience and seated them, one at a time, on a stool, then leaned their heads toward each woman's crotch and commenced licking the air. By the end of her stay onstage, each of the women had mustered a tight smile or forced laughter, but even a novice clown such as myself knew what was actually going on: They were crying on the inside.

Later that night, after the excitement of the talent show had subsided, we reconvened in the dining room for the regular evening snack hour. A man placed a chair on the stage where the Lickers had done their work and proceeded to watch, mesmerized, as his female companion removed her top and danced erotically to music being played on the stereo system. He drew the woman close to him and nuzzled and fondled her breasts. About 12 guests gradually drifted away from the snack table and toward this display. Among them was the other night's publicly-confessed-blowjob woman, who, sitting alone, looked on while rhapsodically snacking on a tiny cheese sandwich.

A bibulous woman in her late twenties introduced herself to me and asked me my name. I told her it was Sweepy; she asked me to spell it. I did, and then she asked whether the name was Dutch. I explained that I was a clown and that Sweepy was my stage name; she reasserted her theory by telling me I looked Dutch.

On my next-to-last day, the weather finally permitted a trapeze workshop to be held. A mere five guests materialized. Our instructor was charming and informative: Within a couple of hours I was able, while swinging back and forth some 20 feet above the ground, to hang from the bar by my knees. I thanked the instructor and quickly retreated to my room. Later I soaked in a Jacuzzi, played squash by myself and walked on the dizzyingly beautiful moonlit beach. I did not opt to rejoin the other guests, who continued to swing in nontrapeze fashion. ☾

Our Towns

Local Boy Not Killed in Johannesburg by Richard Stengel

I always thought of myself as a light sleeper until my house in Johannesburg was robbed. The police presume that the burglars scaled an exterior wall and clambered in through an open window on the second-story patio. Downstairs, they stole a television and a VCR. Upstairs, in the room next to my bedroom, they filched a radio, a camera, a digital diary, a tape recorder and my leather backpack. They rattled around the house for at least half an hour before absconding through the kitchen window. I slept through the whole thing.

And it was darn lucky too, the police told me the next day when I telephoned my local station to report the crime. "If you had woken up," an officer said cheerfully, "they bloody well would have killed you." When Angie, my cleaning lady (though in Johannesburg she is universally and unrepentantly called a maid), came in later that morning, she whistled at my good fortune. "You can't buy life, master," she told me philosophically.

When it comes to crime, Johannesburg, where I lived for seven months earlier this year, makes New York City seem like Mayberry. Joburg, according to recent statistics, is twice as dangerous as Rio, which used to be considered the murder capital of the world. Per capita violent crime in South Africa is ten times what it is here. The U.S. and South Africa share the distinction of having the largest per capita prison population in the world. When it comes to violence, we're blood brothers.

Every day, the newspapers there are saturated with bizarre and grisly murders, the kind that would automatically capture front-page headlines in the *New York Post*. A Cape Town woman executes her husband with a crossbow. An ex-teacher slits the throat of a foreign hitchhiker—an American, by the way. A policeman is

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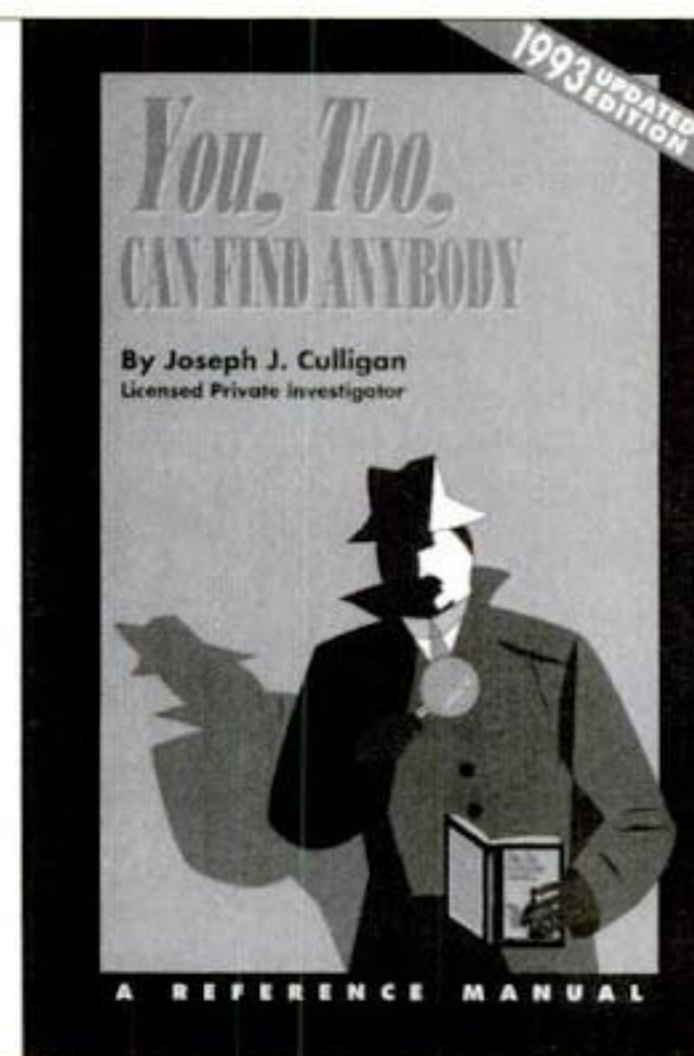
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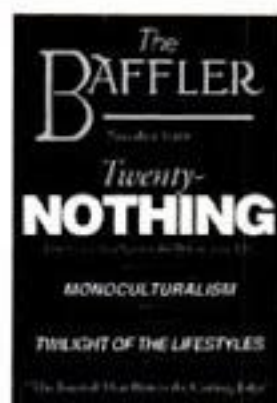
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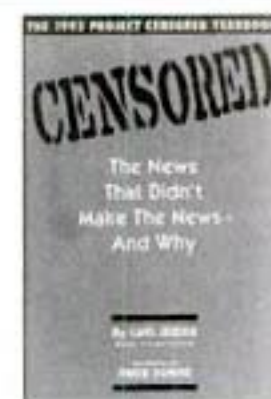
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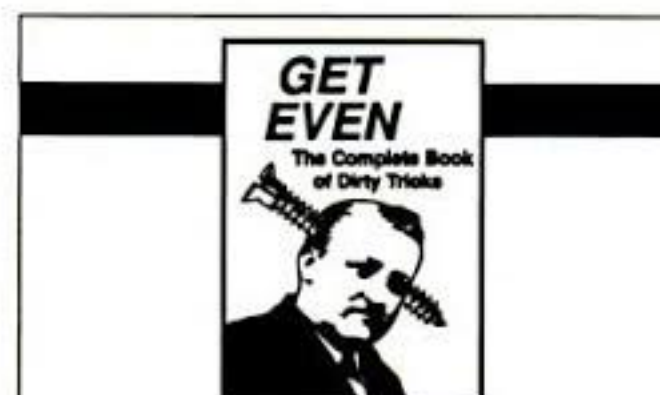
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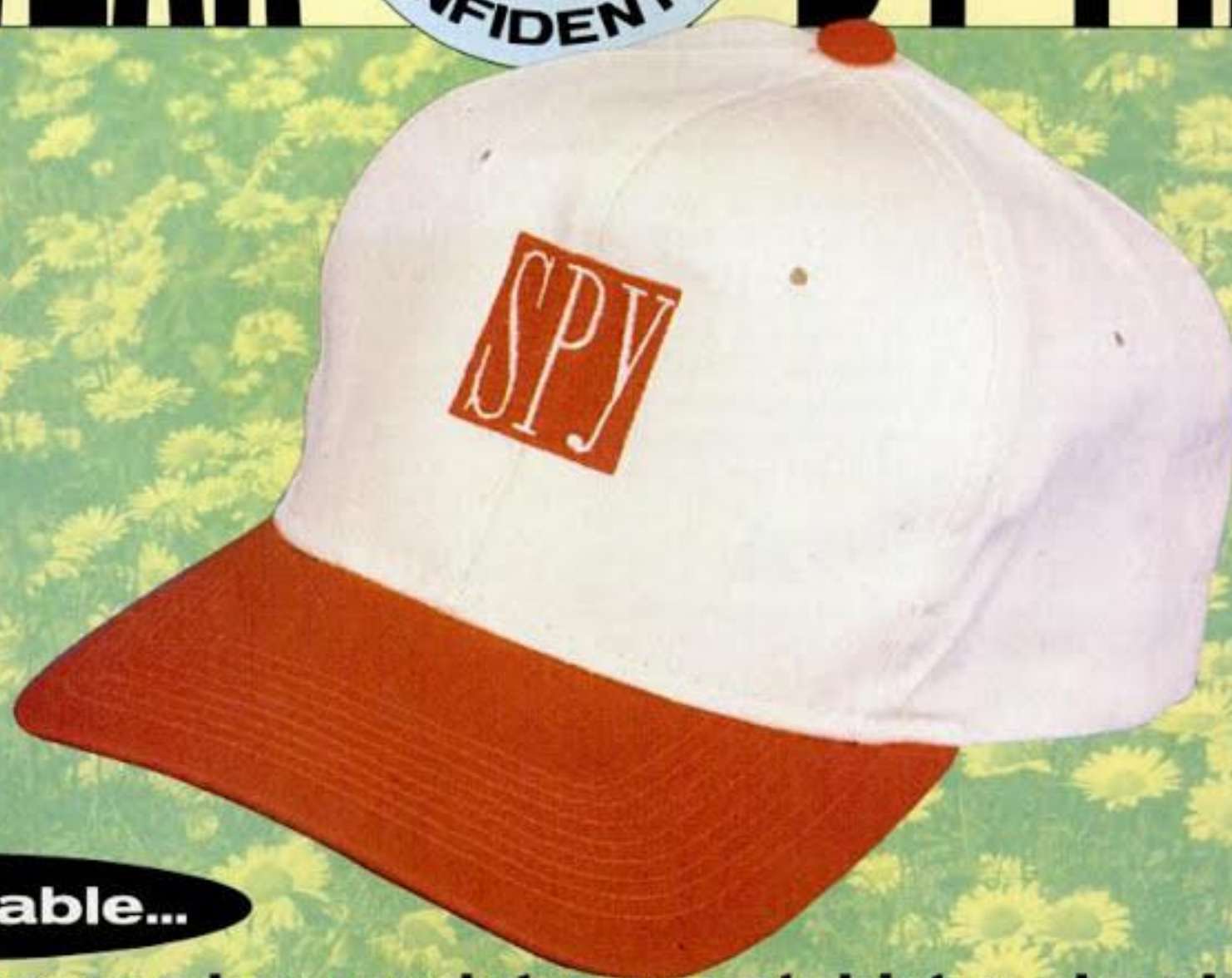
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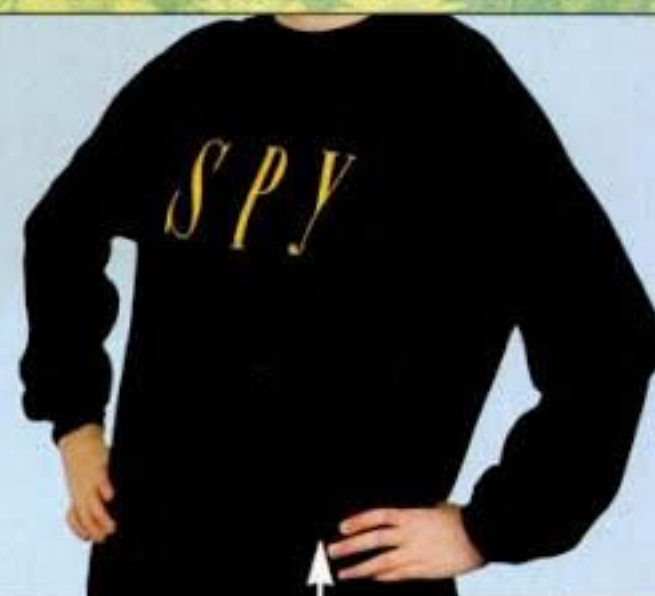
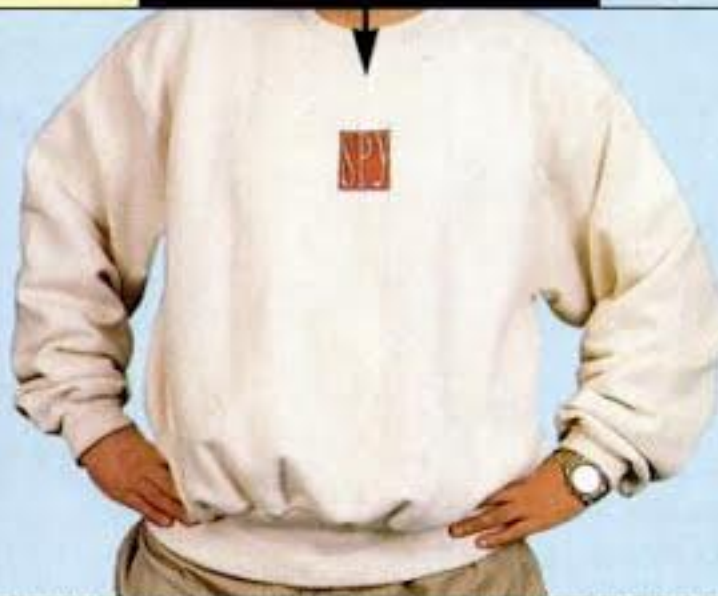


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shot in the face by a laughing gunman. (Gunmen there tend to be either grim or grinning.) A little boy's penis is sliced off by a medicine man for *muti* (a magic potion). On Mondays, the papers sometimes have headlines like QUIET WEEKEND: ONLY 17 KILLED.

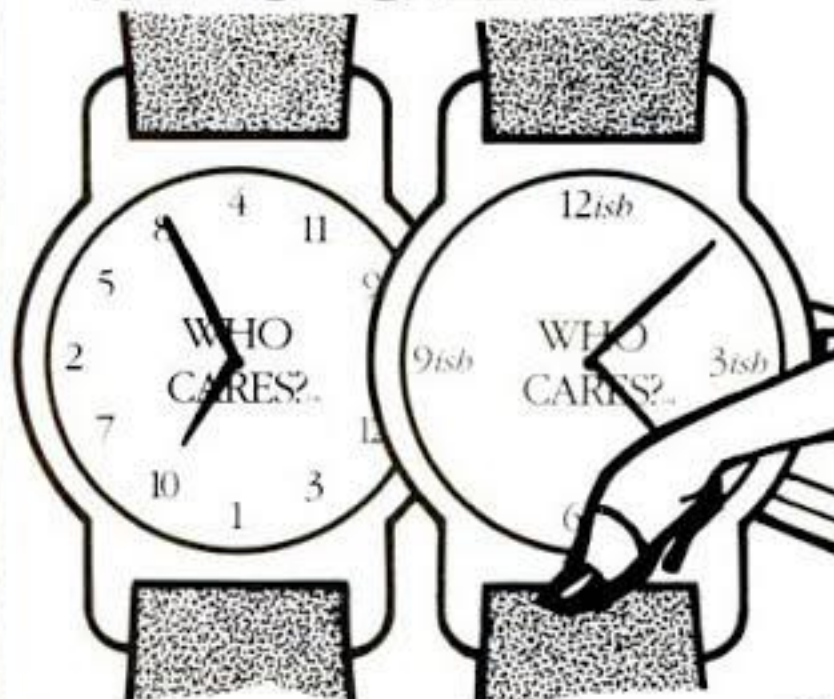
The overwhelming number of these crimes occur in the black townships. Most of them are barely reported in the white press, in the same way that a murder in Harlem only makes page B7 of *The New York Times*. This sort of crime is what is known to journalists and criminologists as black-on-black violence. Whites there don't worry all that much about it. *Let them kill each other* is the basic attitude. But more and more, there is black-on-white crime, and the white folks in the ritzy northern suburbs are very, very nervous.

Someone once described Johannesburg as Beverly Hills with slaves. That's not really fair: The walls surrounding the mansions in Johannesburg are much higher than those in Beverly Hills. Like L.A., New York and Washington, D.C., Johannesburg is a segregated city. The whites, for the most part, live in tree-shaded suburbs north of downtown, while the blacks, who outnumber the whites four to one, live in teeming, treeless Soweto, south of the city. The architects of apartheid planned it this way so that the black masses wouldn't be able to see, much less rob, the rich white folks.

The homes in the northern suburbs are lovely; some have thatched roofs, others graceful Dutch-style gables, and most have swimming pools. But nearly all of them are fortified like garrisons: Eight- to ten-foot-high walls are topped by razor wire or an electrified fence. Nearly every house boasts a sophisticated alarm system that advertises, IMMEDIATE ARMED RESPONSE. Every family has two or three snarling dogs, and every self-respecting homeowner has a gun, or two, or three. A recent report in the Johannesburg papers suggested that the average white South African household owns four to five guns.

My house, which I rented, had brick walls, a small pool, two dogs—

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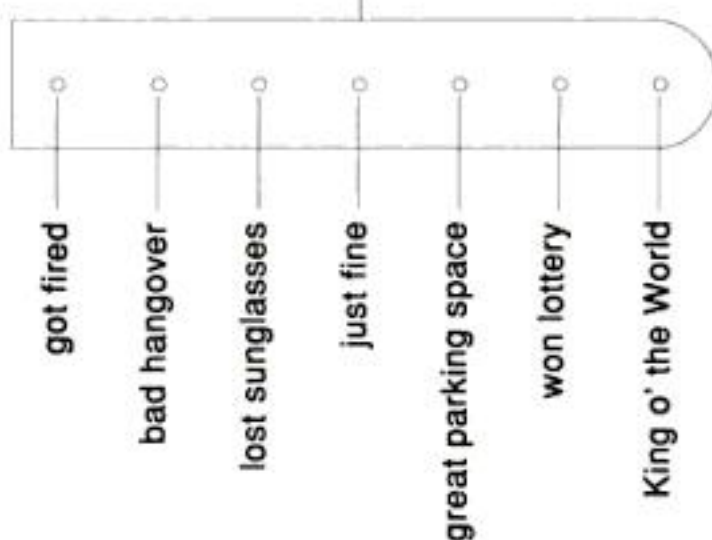
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an affection-starved Doberman named Bruno and a lazy, good-natured Rhodesian Ridgeback named Butch (I didn't name them)—but no alarm system. This was remedied after the robbery when my landlord, a ruddy-cheeked, blustery fellow named Rolf who seemed to play golf every day of the week, installed a laser-beam, movement-activated system. Rolf, who lived just up the hill, sought to ease my fears: "Don't worry; if it goes off, I'll be down in 30 seconds with my rifle. And the fellows on either side of you have guns, too."

Somehow I didn't feel reassured. Rolf seemed to be itching to shoot someone, and chances are that in his overeagerness it might have turned out to be me. I briefly considered getting a gun myself, but then I recalled Chekhov's dictum—that if you show the audience a gun in the first act, it has to go off in the last—and thought better of it.

The reason the police said I was fortunate to be a heavy sleeper was that local burglars tend to shoot their victims. All things being equal, of course, they would rather rob an empty house, steal the family BMW and get away scot-free. But the logic, according to the police, is that if they see you, they shoot you so that you will not be able to identify them. My personal opinion is that they shoot you because there's no reason *not* to. The police are overburdened and rarely investigate routine robberies; they're too busy trying to find the so-called political terrorists who are killing white farmers. The old order has been debased; nothing has yet replaced it. The police have no authority, and no one else does, either.

The morning I reported the robbery, the officer on duty said a fingerprint specialist would come over that afternoon to dust for prints. No one showed up that day, or the next. Two days later, about lunchtime, an officer drove up to my house (I opened the electronic gate by remote control) and parked his shabby Japanese-made compact in my driveway. He was a tall, stoop-shouldered, sandy-haired young man

with a wispy mustache; he looked like a high school student trying unsuccessfully to grow facial hair. When I asked him for identification, he seemed offended. "Don't you believe me?" he said. His surname was Van der Merwe, which is the name typically used in Afrikaner jokes, as in "How many Van der Merwes does it take to screw in a light bulb?"

As he got out of the car he asked me, in his gruffest Kojak voice (*Kojak* was for years the most popular show there), when the robbery had taken place. While I was talking he started looking around in the backseat. He then became rather agitated and opened up the trunk of the car. Muttering, he again searched the backseat.

"Bloody hell!" he said. He lit a cigarette and sheepishly told me that his fingerprint kit must have been stolen from the backseat when he'd stopped to get a Coke. "This country's going to pot," he said, cursing under his breath. ☾

Un-British Crossword, continued from page 80

Americans as people who still haven't got the hang of being British, although we may have blundered onto some discoveries worth commending. "You have no idea," a British journalist told me once, "what you have in your sandwiches." At first I thought he was speaking of mystery meat, but what he meant was that we did not know how good our sandwiches were. After reading in a recent *New Yorker* Clive James's magnanimous recognition of goodwill U.S. globalism and Mark Twain, I wondered whether some English magazine would like to slip me a few grand for being gracious toward Shakespeare and the (jolly fine, really) common law.

Wait until Brits take over the media entirely. That may be what it will take to irritate us into finally mounting another proper revolution over here. Sure, the winter will be hard at Valley Forge, or *Popular Mechanics*, or wherever we ragged band of bluecoats have to hole up, but....Let's not let the French in on this one, by the way. ☾

CROSSWORD ANSWERS



ACROSS 10. Reference is to Lloyd Bentsen's put-down of Dan Quayle. "You're no" looked at differently is "You, Reno!" Not that anyone would address Ms. Reno so boldly, unless he were a Quaker with his hands *way* up in the air. **11.** *Dull* surrounded ("consumed") by *mea*, which is Latin for "my." *Medulla* is, of course, a brain part. **15.** In Britcrosswordese, *TT* stands for *teetotaling* and *RA* (Royal Academy) for *artist*. Generally we eschew Britcrosswordese, but it can't hurt you to learn some; you might get stuck on the tube with a British daily. **19.** Ty Cobb. I'm told Ron Shelton, auteur of *Bull Durham* and *White Men Can't Jump*, has written a script about the life of the Georgia Peach, probably the least

beloved great ballplayer of all time. Nothing he did was cricket. **24.** The 1940 evacuation across the Channel from Dunkirk, in everything from troop carriers to fishing boats, of Allied troops cut off by Nazi forces was an underdog triumph for the ages. So don't tell me this puzzle never sends a nod of commendation across the waves. (See also reference to whitebait below.) On the other hand, that line in "Rule Britannia" that goes, "Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" strikes me as almost, I don't know, coy. One expects the next verse to go, "Britons never, never, never will allow anyone to tie us to the bedpost and have at us with great long whacking bar...rel...staves!" *One, three, five...* is, of course, all the odd numbers on out to infinity. **27.** *Thin in nog*. Actually I quite like bangers and mash, and proper fish and chips, and little bitty fried whole fish (whitebait, it's called, or sprats), and you can get good curries in London, of course. On the other hand, once you have tried jellied eels, nothing within several hundred miles tastes good. I mean, cold eel in eel-flavored Jell-O? **28.** This, like 16 Down, is an example of the Un-British rhyming clue, invented some years ago in these pages out of desperation. For all I know Victorian royals were actually just as unbuttoned as this current lot, but back then they didn't have bugs on their telephones.

DOWN 2. *You't wit' or you twit.* **7.** *Sick is ill;* cockney's *hirsute* is 'airy, or *yria* when

"raised." **14.** Perhaps a bit heavy-handed, but surely it was *le vice anglais* that Macbeth—though Scottish himself—had in mind when he said, "Lay on, Macduff." **18.** Reference to Nigel Dempster, Brit gossip columnist. **23.** *Monty* was how Field Marshal Montgomery was affectionately known. Add *Python* and it's comical. **25.** *Misbehaving*, here (like *anyway* in 22), means rearranged. Nice, what? As to whether the late William Shawn's peace is in fact disturbed by Tina Brown's stewardship of *The New Yorker*, all I can say is that if there are newsstands in Heaven, if there is a Heaven, and...well, it would take an eternity to exhaust all the ifs involved. Furthermore, I can't imagine that the angels—if there are angels—frown on cross-dressing. *But, still:* I'll bet that Mr. Shawn and the recent Art Spiegelman *New Yorker* cover showing the brassiered, lipsticked, long-blond-haired person preparing to shave off five-o'clock shadow, with sheet music entitled "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" in the background (all of this represented so unappealingly that if there is an Association of Straight Soldiers Holding Our Line Excluding Sodomites, this cover will surely be reproduced in its newsletter with relish), will never be in any afterlife together. On the other hand, if there is a Heaven and if by some chance I see it, I hope it won't look like old pastels-down-at-the-commuter-station *New Yorker* covers either. ☾

Fullerton: 2 sisters Gena Hansen of Massachusetts and Laurie Greenburg of Franklin Square

Services for the family will be held at Gardemia Hills Memorial Park, Whitier. In Lieu of flowers, a donation to your favorite charity is requested. Mark-Alan Funeral Service Kew Gardens

ANDRASICK, Letizia beloved wife of Robert Adam Andrasick; also survived by son Gregory Andrasick (Tim Curtin-long time loving companion); daughter Catherine Kelly (Michael); and grandchildren, Mark, Robbie, and Carla.

Mrs. Andrasick was a retired career waitress at The Stop Twenty Diner of 27 years and will be missed greatly by her patrons and family.

Services will be held on Friday May 11, 1993, at 11:00 am, in The Church of The Meadow, Erwin Hills Mortuary.

TRUDEAU, Jeffery Alan passed away May 15 1993 at age 72. Born in Tacoma Washington he moved to Boise

ing Company of Buena Vista and Sylmar as well as Fractions Optical Supply Company of Manhasset. She was very active volunteer at The Afro American Youth Center and helped shape the minds of many youths. A low handicap golfer. Sheena will be remembered by her many golfing and volunteer friends.

The Venus Society of burial at sea.

HACKBUSH (People who died). * 1993 in Trenton, New Jersey. Survivors include wife Stella Hackbush; three sons Dominick, Anthony, and John Hackbush; eight grandchildren; thirteen great grandchildren; two brothers, Raymond Hackbush and Rob Hackbush; two sisters Rachel Hackbush and Ramona Hackbush. Mangus and Cohen Motuary 670 South Nectar ave. New Brunswick, New Jersey.

ALIANO, Mark 72, former semi-professional race car driver and race car enthusiast. Beloved husband of Cathleen Aliano; father of Aileen,

(SUE) and JAMES R. SAULINIER, grandfather of Felix R. Saulinier; brother of Francois G. Saulinier. Jean Pierre and Pepe of Paris; uncle of Gertrude (Taylor) Samuelson, Roberta (Henderson) Flather of Des Moines, Ruby (Wolf) Nenderson; and many nephews and nieces of Des Moines.

Funeral service will be held on Tuesday, May 15 from 10 am to 2:30 pm at South Penunia Divided Methodist Church. 1555 West Walnut Grove blvd. Davis Mortuary West Covina

KELLY, Michael on May 12 1993. Husband of Roslyn; father of Cathy, Michael and David.

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PALMER, Suzi passed away on May 13, 1993 at age 93. **RHINO** Pine Weeds Traylor Park, ... Suzi was a clerk at the feed store on main

*and other songs influenced by the writings and experiences of Jim Carroll's life. "A World Without Gravity" The Best of The Jim Carroll Band.

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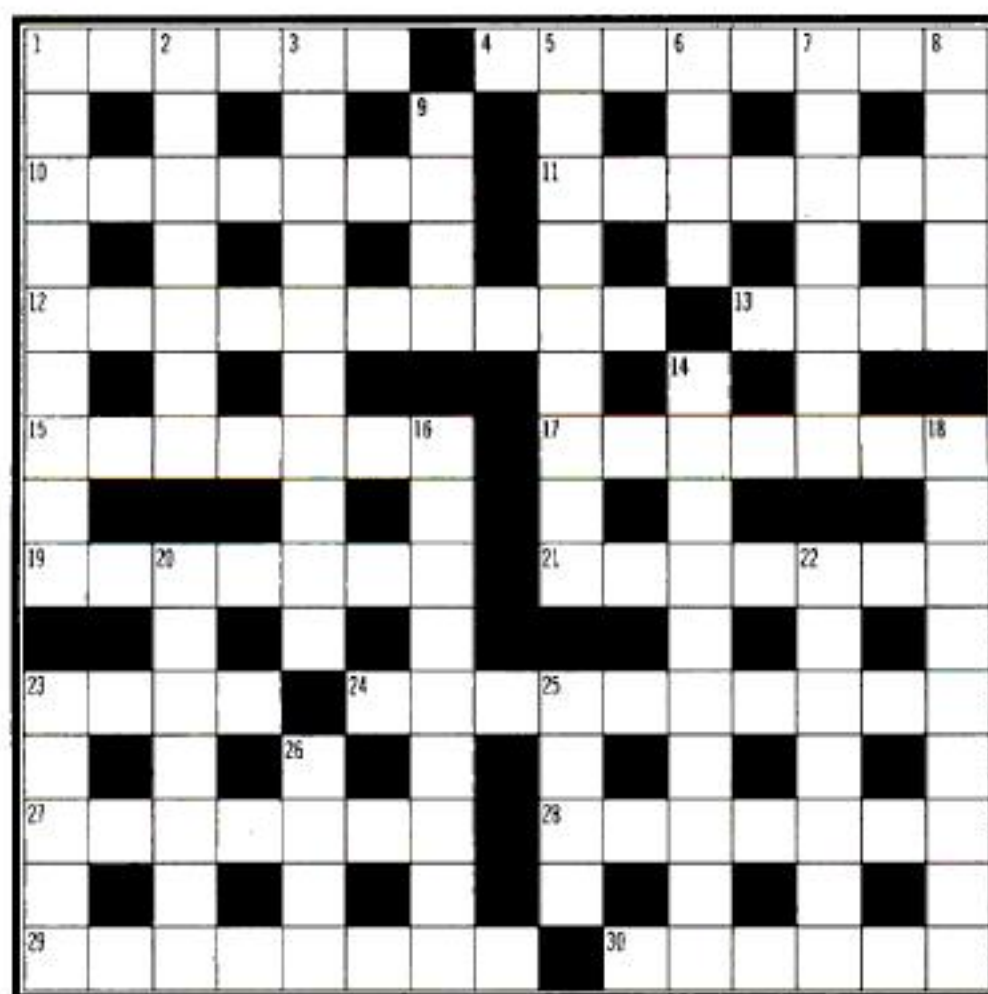
Reverse English

**We Hold These Clues
to Be Self-Evident**
by Roy Blount Jr.

"Is there, indeed," asks the introduction to *The Eighth Penguin Book of Sunday Times Crosswords*, "a more striking example of an Anglo-American 'special relationship' than the crossword puzzle?" The first one appeared in the *New York World* in 1913, eleven years before an English paper deigned to publish one. That first puzzle's inventor, though, was a native of Liverpool. And the *cryptic* puzzle, on whose principles the one on this page is based, is British-developed.

The Un-British Crossword, which your obedient servant inaugurated in the first issue of *SPY* back in October 1986 and continued to compose every month for several years until yr obt svt got fed up with hearing people

ACROSS 1. Ours in Kansas City play the game, unlike theirs in Windsor Castle. (6)
4. What John Cleese and Sally Struthers have been doing for coin. (8)
10. "_____ JFK" spot-on vis-à-vis ex-veep; but could be seen as ill-bred way to address incumbent A.G. (5,2)
11. How Di found Charles ("Consumed by my Latin")—bit of a brain. (7)
12. Workingfolk scowl at rank. (5,5)
13. Hume is short for U.K. type. (4)
15. Draw a teetotaling artist to Connecticut. (7)
17. Wrath, property of non-Anglophile nation. (7)
19. Book by Cobb tells what's worn off of New England, even. (7)
21. Shout out former entitlement. (7)
23. Be obliged to mold. (4)
24. What Dunkirk succeeded against: one, three, five... (3,3,4)
27. What's good to eat in England: skin-and-bones in something that goes with egg. (7)
28. Victoria spake, modestly, / When eyed by Albert, her prince, / "Though possibly born _____, _ / Have been quite buttoned



up since." (5,2)
29. Lawn care here, investigation there. (4,4)
30. In Shakespeare and Faulkner they tell tales full of sound and fury. (6)
DOWN 1. What the Queen must suffer, where she sits, from the rest of them, collectively. (5,4)
2. Best way to address upper-class British male is "Young man in possession of," as Joe Pesci would say. (3,4)
3. What Great Men do at Westminster Abbey, and in power. (3,7)
5. Ah, shrimp, scrambled with energy! Ours is new. (9)
6. Lord, you can have her. Over here's a woman! (4)

say, "I like *reading* it, but you don't expect anyone to work it, do you?" (answer: You bet your rosy red), is meant to be Englishly nifty, yes, but also robustly American.

Far be it from me to criticize a nation of magazine editors, but it is worth noting that American culture began when it *broke away* from British influence. Of course, British influence is not what it was in 1776. And we do cherish certain traces of their language. Indeed, even though Londoners have told me to my face that Americans don't speak English, that's just because they can't communicate with cabdrivers over here (and they assume that we can). We have taken English and run with it. Standard BBC usage of the mother tongue is little kitty-licks; Americans can slurp....But I'd better stop giving myself away. Some years ago in the *Times Literary Supplement*, a book of mine

was sniffed at as too oral. I'd have written them a letter, to paraphrase an old country song, but I can't spell *Plpppp*.

So put me down in favor of taxing their thermal units. Deep down, I believe, the British regard
(Continued on page 76)

7. Sick cockney's hirsute, raised in ancient country. (7)
8. Generally U.S., but English in *The Awful Truth*. (5)
9. What the English weather is, outside our white lines. (4)
14. In England, descriptive of children after playing outdoors and of men after having the national sexual preference practiced upon them. (3-7)
16. You must have some pub-crawling need, / Even you, a jogger. / If at stout you don't succeed, / Try, _____ (3,1,5)
18. Trash collectors (in England, singular and with an e). (9)
20. One welcomed heartily in an English home? Stick it in a light shade! (7)
22. Assistant director doted...anyway, enhanced. (5,2)
23. WWII commander affectionately picks up snake to be comical. (5)
25. Ain't misbehaving, just making Mr. Shawn turn over in his grave. (4)
26. Mounted by Merchant Ivory—with room, that is, in German car. (4)

Answers appear on page 77.

FOR . . .

OBSESSIVE



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Insatiable

James Brown - Soul Pride: The Instrumentals (1960-1969)

Die-Hard



Bachman-Turner Overdrive - The Anthology



Whacked-out

Parliament - Tear The Roof Off (1974-1980)

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